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CHINA AND RECONSTRUCTION: NOVEMBER, 1900.

The Legations have been relieved and the siege is over; the frightened Court has deserted the capital and is fleeing further inland—is China to be partitioned or is a new dynasty to be placed on the throne, or are the Manchus to continue in power? Has anybody a policy, or are all still waiting on events?

So far the Chinese have fought nowhere successfully—they did not even take the Legations, but still they have shown the world that they appreciate and are acquiring the best weapons—they are evidently learning the use of both rifle and gun—they are improving their military method, and the idea of strategy, though still in embryo, is taking shape and hardening—and they are henceforth more likely to go on developing might, for want is a teacher, than return to their old and time-honored belief in reasonable action and right. Their midsummer madness is spending itself and they are learning something from the views and doings of the nations they defied; can the new growth be trained on such a trellis-work as to secure fair-play and produce healthy fruit, or will it only end in the stunted product of the Chinese gardener?

From Taku to Peking the foreigner has marched triumphantly; there have

only been a few fights and every foot of ground has not had to be contested, but yet every hamlet, or village, or town along the way, has the mark of the avenger on it; populations have disappeared—houses and buildings have been burned and destroyed—and crops are rotting all over the country in the absence of reapers. Remembering how these places teemed with happy, contented, industrious people last spring, it is hard to realize that autumn does not find them there—they have all vanished and along the hundred and twenty miles between beach and capital scarcely a sign of life is to be seen, and one cannot help sorrowing over the necessity or the fatality which brought about such woe and desolation. Much of the destruction was doubtless the work of Chinese soldiers and Boxer volunteers, but according to all accounts, what they left we gleaned, and, if report speaks true, little mercy was felt, and less displayed, by some at least, wherever living Chinese of any age or either sex happened to be fallen in with. The days of Taipingdom, when native warred with native, showed nothing worse, and the warriors of this new century can be as brutal, with all their wonderful discipline and up-to-date weapons, as were ever the savages of earlier times with tomahawk, boom-

erang or assegai, and the puzzle is to explain why it should have been so, or forecast the consequences in the future—will brand and sword have produced that wholesome fear which must blossom into peace and good will, or only a gruesome terror to be replaced by nothing but hate and a lust for vengeance?

The Peking foreign community were fortunately saved from massacre, and the weird accounts of their sufferings and the modes of their individual deaths were happily the offspring of fancy and not recitals of fact, but, all the same, if the gallant D'Arcy and his little band of French heroes had not inch by inch and hour after hour, during those eight hopeless weeks, contested the ground and held on to the western third of their Legation to the very last—if the resourceful Sheba and his cheery handful of Japanese had failed to retain possession of the Soo Wang's palace and garden—if the Germans, Americans and Russians had been driven from their own into the British Legation—if the allied forces had arrived on the fifteenth and not on the fourteenth, not one of the refugees would have escaped to tell the story of the catastrophe, and worse endings than imagination pictures might have been theirs. That the siege was acquiesced in by the Chinese Government can scarcely be questioned—but they thought it was fair war they were waging and not murder they were committing, and from the fact that firing ceased occasionally—perhaps only to play with the besieged as cats do with mice—it also seems certain that the Government could have put an end to it completely at any moment if it so desired, and, such being the case, it must be allowed the relief force was right to strain every nerve—right to strike terror along the route, while pressing forward to the rescue, nor is it unnatural to expect that fitting punishment would be meted out, once ar-

rived, alike to officials who more or less took an active part in the lawless proceeding and to a population that moved not a finger to prevent it. And yet, looking back on it all, and granting that fires and plunderings in the capital were mainly the work of soldiers and Boxers, it does seem a pity that the splendid warriors of Christian Powers should have made things worse; could not discipline and fine feeling have put an earlier check on the men and placed revenge on a higher plane? What with commandeering here, looting there, carrying off of souvenirs elsewhere, and brutal assaults on the poor women who had not been able to leave the city with the other fugitives, private property in temporarily deserted houses disappeared, and the comparatively small number of Chinese who remained drank to the dregs the cup of a new misery. The haste with which expeditionary forces had been assembled, the difficulties of transport and provisioning, and the cessation of all local trading must of course be regarded as excuses for the licence with which men of all classes were laid hold of to work and edibles of all kinds taken possession of wherever found, but all this seemed to argue a want or neglect of organization that surprised, and suggested how easily a retrogression to barbarism might spring up like a weed among the flowers of civilization. Strangely enough, the quarter of the city governed by the Japanese was speedily seen to be the best administered; more lucky than others in knowing beforehand in what government buildings and public establishments official monies were deposited, it may be a fact that they secured more sycee than all the others put together, but they kept their hands off the people, and their discipline, regulations and method were such that they—new to the humane civilization of which the others were the

creators and children—very soon inspired confidence, re-established order, re-opened markets and made life livable, while some of their colleagues allowed a state of affairs to spring up and continue which was quite the reverse; why this superiority on the one side and this inferiority—even if only temporary—on the other? The men of one flag showed their detestation of the most ancient of civilizations by the wanton destruction of whatever they could not carry off—those of another preached the gospel of cleanliness by shooting down anybody who committed a nuisance in public—while those of a third spread their ideas on the sanctity of family life by breaking into private houses and ravishing the women and girls they found there; so said gossip; captured cities must suffer and the populations of wrong-doing cities must pay the penalty of wrong-doing, but there are ways and ways of exacting reparation and teaching lessons for the future—was this the best? Perhaps—and, it may be, not unnaturally—the conquering army may have regarded a conquered and almost deserted city as already formally confiscated and consequently legally delivered over to pillage, and their fellow-countrymen who had been burnt out and lost all but what they stood in, may have been thought to have suffered enough to justify any reprisals, but, even so, the demoralizing effect always and everywhere produced on all classes by wholesale looting and its accompanying licence might have seemed a sufficient reason in itself for discountenancing and stopping it and its attendant evils at the outset; such, however, can hardly be said to have been the case, and even some missionaries took such a leading part in “spoiling the Egyptians” for the greater glory of God, that a bystander was heard to say, “For a century to come Chinese converts will consider looting and vengeance Christian virtues!”

Crowded together in a confined and limited space during the hot summer season and constantly exposed to the deadly risk of whistling bullet and screeching shell, the refugees in the British Legation were sufficiently well fed and enjoyed sufficiently good health during the eight weeks the siege lasted to astonish their deliverers by their still excellent condition when first seen on the 14th August, but the uncertainty of what any hour might bring forth—and more especially the certainly horrible fate from which no efforts of theirs could forever save the women and children, and the feeling that friends at home were in imagination suffering a thousandfold more than themselves—was the chief and ever-present element in their trial, so that, when once delivered, the strain most had thus gone through, and the hard work and the exposure involved in the duties undertaken alongside the Legation guard by the younger men, began to show their effects in breakdowns that told of shattered health and need of change. As for the relieving troops, once the excitement of arrival had passed over they began to wonder what they had come or what they stayed to do, and this quietude after the exertions of the previous weeks in turn became hard to bear. Meantime commanding officers took up various positions in the city and the sentries of the various flags kept watch in their respective sections; on the other hand, Ministers, long debarred from communication with the outer world, despatched their detailed reports and awaited the instructions of their Governments. Nobody seemed to know what the next move was to be or how the weighty questions involved were to be settled. There was no one to treat with—Emperor and Court had fled—and had there been any such, what language ought negotiation to hold?

On the Chinese side, however, the

situation and its difficulties gradually induced a few leading men who had remained behind to venture forth from their seclusion; these were the Grand Secretary Kun Chung-Tang, Ching-Hsin the President of the Board of War, and two Vice-Presidents of other Boards Yu-Teh and A-Ko-Tan, and on Sir Robert Hart's suggestion they proceeded to search for, find, communicate with, and bring back Prince Ching, one of the Imperial family who for fifteen years or so had been the head of the Chinese Foreign Office and who had been credited with more or less friendly intentions during the siege and with a sort of intervention which had possibly delayed and so prevented massacre. Early in September the Prince reappeared in Peking, but as the previously formally appointed negotiator Li Hung Chang had to be waited for, nothing could be done towards opening negotiations beyond paying a short and friendly visit to each of the foreign representatives. What must have been his feelings, poor Prince, as his sedan-bearers carried him through the well-known but now deserted and scarcely recognizable streets, while his Japanese guard marched alongside and the sentries of Italy, Russia, France, Germany, America, England and Austria stared at him as he passed! Some points, however, were submitted for the consideration of the generals as really requiring immediate attention, such as the better policing of the various sections, the repression of pillage, and the procuring of provisions, etc., but not with any immediate or perceptible result. Such high officials belonging to the Metropolitan Boards as had not fled with the Court were in constant consultation with the Prince, endeavoring to find some way of escape from the chaotic condition into which the capital had been plunged when the foreign troops entered and its Emperor abandoned it; they knew, although it

was difficult to realize, that Peking was no longer under Chinese control and that Chinese officials could not claim authority or exercise any jurisdiction in it, but they also knew its condition, and, anxious for the welfare of such of the population as remained and for the future of the Empire, they, with the Prince and in the interest of the people, besought immediate consideration for police and food requirements, and they were unceasing in their effort to devise some means to effect a settlement of the unhappy complication as speedily as possible. None of them, however, realized how grievously they had offended the rest of the world by the murders of missionaries and converts and by the attacks on the Legations, and just as little did they realize to what an extent such insane proceedings had imperilled both Empire and Dynasty; Chinese history does not date from yesterday, and their thirty or forty centuries of national and racial continuity have seen them fall into—and have also seen them emerge from—quite as serious predicaments, but, even so, while they took things philosophically, their tempers unruffled, their politeness unflinching, and their patience inexhaustible, they did feel the sting of the situation and they did make an earnest and honest attempt to find a way to alleviate the sufferings of their fellow-citizens. The result, however, never did amount to much and was slow in coming, and in fact these representative men were rather misunderstood than taken seriously; under the circumstances what right had any Chinaman to complain, and was it not even insolence to take advantage of former official position to pose now as the people's mouthpiece?

The situation from the very first was one continuous illustration of the initial difficulties which reconstruction must encounter; neither side could place itself in the other's position, and the half

truth which is all that being reasonable from one's own point of view amounts to, does not necessarily dovetail with what another puts faith in from another standpoint. How will China and non-China ever come to a satisfactory agreement unless they attain, first of all, to a mutual understanding of each other? China is for the moment in the angry grip of the foe, and that grip must be exchanged for the hearty grasp of a friend before external relations can again run in peaceful channels and internal affairs resume their ordinary character; the interdependence of the external and the internal must be recognized and allowed for if there is to be such a process of reconstruction as shall safeguard the future, and thus the task of the foreign negotiator and the native statesman becomes one of that kind of which it is hard to say which is the more serious, the responsibility or the difficulty. But one way or another, a solution will be found and the question closed.

On the Chinese side there is such uncertainty, rather than ignorance, concerning the aims and demands of the foreign powers, collectively and individually, that even those who are in favor of intercourse are unable to decide whether peace might not prove more costly than war; and on the foreign side the feeling that while certain magnates are culprits and ought to be punished, to demand their punishment may not only fail to obtain it, but may widen the area of trouble and, indefinitely postponing peace, lead to anarchy and chaos, and the further idea that a claim for even just but perhaps too heavy indemnities may necessitate territorial guarantees likely to conflict with their declared policy of the "open door" and "integrity of China," combine to delay negotiations and even threaten to emasculate such drastic stipulations as the occasion demands. The preservation of China's integrity

has been the subject of official declarations and, with certain reservations, official agreements, but the temptation of owning some of China's provinces and adding to the number of their subjects such desirable material as China's population undoubtedly comprises, may lead to delays and increase the difficulties of final settlement not only for China but for the powers concerned. Should the foreign decision be for partition, the Chinese negotiator would find small standing room—he would be expected simply to submit to dictation; should that decision fall short of partition, and merely require some additions to tracts of territory already leased or ceded, it would still be a bitter pill to swallow for both the transferring negotiator and the transferred people; and even if partition is not thought of or additions to territory demanded, the difficulty of finding funds to pay off a too heavy indemnity may place the Chinese negotiator himself in the unenviable position of having to offend all China and embarrass every treaty power by offering territory instead of money, and thus whatever way one turns it does not seem easy to prevent a deadlock, and until a way round is found order cannot be restored.

Many have talked and written glibly about partition as the most expedient solution, and have argued that because Chinese are supposed to be easily ruled and wanting in the military character, such a policy would not only meet with no opposition but would be welcomed by the Chinese themselves as freeing them from the misrule of a hated and alien government, and as opening the way for them to liberty, progress and civilization; but it is not so—this alien government, the Manchu dynasty, has been part and parcel of the nation for three hundred years and the Emperor is no more hated by Chinese than the Queen by British, while,

as for the blessings of liberty, progress and civilization, the only civilization the Chinese appreciate is their own, what we call progress the majority know little about and care less for, and liberty, real, tangible liberty, they all enjoy. Whether it is the duty of the West to civilize the East, and how Christian Powers ought to deal with Pagan, are, of course, questions on which views differ, but whatever portion of China is ceded will have to be ruled by force, and the larger the territory so ceded the more soldiers will its management require and the more certain will be unrest and insurrection. The whole of a partitioned China will make common cause against its several foreign rulers, and, if anarchy be not its condition for years and from year to year, quiet or the appearance of quiet will be nothing more than a preparation for the inevitable spring with which sooner or later sudden revolt will everywhere show the existence and strength of national feeling. Is the game worth the candle? On the simple ground of expediency such a solution is to be condemned, while, viewed as a question of right, fairness, or even philanthropy, every non-prejudiced mind must declare against it.

Another set of thinkers are under the delusion that with the capture of Peking the Chinese Government ceased to exist, and that it is the duty of the victors to set up a new dynasty. All that has happened, however, is this: the Government has no longer its headquarters in Peking, but the work of the Empire is going on as usual—where the Emperor is, there is the seat of Government and, as for the teaching or terrorizing effect that the march of the Allies has had, it has merely affected the borders of a road through two or three of the two hundred or more Prefectures which make up the Eighteen Provinces, and the prevalent belief at a distance is that the foreigners have been thrashed

and are not victorious. The Manchus by complicity with recent lawlessness in the capital and murders of missionaries and converts in the provinces have outraged the Christian and civilized world, but, even so, it would be well to hear and weigh what they have to say for themselves; in any case the punishment they have so far received has probably enlisted Chinese sympathy on their side rather than added to their unpopularity, if that really exists, with any considerable section—the King can do no wrong, and it is the bad advisers who are blamed. Were the Allies to get over the initial difficulty of agreeing to a choice and set up a new Emperor, he would have to be supported by foreign bayonets—his mandate would only run within very restricted limits—his foreign origin would make him despised by every member of the black-haired race—and himself and belongings would disappear forever the moment foreign support left him. If anything, the attempt to impose another dynasty on the Chinese people would be even a more hopeless solution than partition; the advocates of both plans have probably much to urge which they consider conclusive in favor of the idea they put forward, but let them try either and time will assuredly show how certainly their hopes must meet with disappointment in the futility and failure of the experiment.

The only practical solution, in the interest of law and order and a speedy restoration of the tranquillity that makes life and commercial relations safe and profitable, is first of all to leave the present dynasty where it is and as it is, and let the people of China deal with it themselves when they feel its mandate has expired, and in the second place to impose on it as the condition of peace only such stipulations as are at once practical and practicable as well as just and justifiable. But even in adopting this solution a most seri-

ous difficulty stares one in the face—the Court has fled inland and it is quite possible it may settle at Si-an-foo and make that the capital. Such a decision would not be pleasant for the diplomatic corps after the siege experiences just ended, and although commercial dealings need not necessarily be hampered thereby, a certain uncomfortable feeling of unrest would probably be set up and, ever after, external irritation and internal disintegration would be seen proceeding on parallel lines, if not, at equal pace, on lines converging in eventual catastrophe. What therefore foreign interests most require now is the return of the Court, and the negotiators would do well to make that not only possible for the Emperor, but both agreeable and safe. Pending that return a clear idea could be worked out and agreed to of what foreign Powers must demand and China must consent to both as reparation for the past and guarantee for the future; and, further, as a first step towards local reconstruction, by which is meant not so much a reestablishment of the old order of things as such a happy re-arrangement as should dovetail what is good and allowable in the old system with whatever else must be accepted as necessary and not rejected because new. Prince Ching might be vested with a certain amount of vice-imperial authority, so to speak, and thus provide a rallying-point, not for opposition to foreigners, but for the common efforts of those who desire to re-establish order and win back prosperity in the capital and its vicinity. Pechell excepted, the rest of the eighteen provinces of China proper, although more or less in a state of ferment owing to the occurrences in the metropolitan section, may be said to be in their normal condition as regards the presence and functions of the ordinary provincial officials and their subordination to the Emperor and Central Government. There is, therefore,

every reason for holding that continued recognition of the Manchu dynasty and support of the Emperor Kwang Hsu is all that is necessary to provide a starting point for the reconstruction demanded by this last summer's doings; no other program can be carried through so easily, and no other plan will restore order so surely and so quickly, and in fact the pronouncements of the Powers already point to that as the solution they cannot escape from. In this work of reconstruction there are two stages—what must be done to make peace, and what must be done to give effect to its stipulations; the first means negotiation and the second action. Negotiation will secure an admission of wrong-doing and an assurance that it will not recur—a promise to make good the losses of individuals and recoup the expenditure of Governments—an undertaking to punish various culprits designated by the Powers—and the initiation of measures to guarantee the future; action will put these promises in force and proceed to their full execution.

The advocates of the alternatives, partition or change of dynasty, argue that they are calculated to confer greater benefits on the Chinese themselves, as well as be more useful to foreigners, than past experience authorizes us to expect from the continuance of Manchu rule; granting that such advantages as they hope for might possibly follow a successful trial of either plan, there is no reason why negotiators should not make the provisions for such reforms an integral part of any settlement and introduce special clauses for their adoption, but at the same time, common-sense and not sentiment, should scan them carefully, and precaution should be taken to proceed wisely and reasonably lest haste, unfitness, or other imperfection should mar their effect and lead to disappointment and irritation. It is a fact and beyond

question that western methods are not always suitable for, or successful in, China, and a closer study of locality and people is everywhere advisable before the old is banished and the new rung in; the same soil will not grow all crops, and what is possible or beneficial in one locality need not necessarily be so in another. That the present situation does afford an opening for introducing new measures cannot be doubted, and those who decide for the retention of the Manchus ought all the more to feel the responsibility of the occasion and neglect nothing that experience teaches or foresight suggests; the example of Japan shows what may be done when a whole people is galvanized into a new life by the power of a new thought and a new motive, but where such a force from within is wanting, it is advisable to wait a natural evolution rather than by forcing processes bring a new being to the birth before the period of gestation has been completed. Is the all but dormant military spirit of four hundred millions to be aroused in order that dealers may find markets for rifles and guns, or ought the idea of the possibility of those millions misusing such toys be invoked to stop mischief in the future at the cost of present gain? Which is the safer guide on so serious an occasion, the speculation that risks or the wisdom that restrains, profit or prudence? And so in other matters; it is not enough to be sanguine, and reformers ought to study the ground well and look at both sides if they wish to avoid calamity and secure blessing. Negotiation itself cannot guarantee everything; it may procure a formal expression of regret and a promise that the offence shall not be repeated—and both regret and promise may be both honorable and honest, but the future will see new men and new circumstances and history may repeat itself. The indemnities to be paid take us into the region of hard fact,

and yet it is just here that there is room for a little sentiment; the Japanese indemnities already constitute a galling load, and now that eight or ten Powers have claims to put forward the straw that kills begins to be a something to be dreaded. Discussion will probably evolve some happy idea calculated to give ample security to those who are to be indemnified and yet consult the convenience of the indemnifier, but, however that may be, it will be a heavy burden for China to carry, and it is to be hoped that the Powers will make it as light as possible and deal with the unfortunate debtor in a sympathetic and accommodating spirit, remembering, too, that it is the industry of the people which will be taxed and that commercial prosperity in the future might be a better payment of such a debt than an intolerable fine and ready money at the present moment. If the terms exacted are too hard the payment may plunge all concerned into the difficulty of a territorial guarantee, about which the only good thing one can say is that the region so pledged might possibly prove a suitable field for the experiments of reformers, and that, if successful, such experiments might go on thence to leaven the whole lump, although it is more than likely that with liberty regained all such novelties, as imposed by the enemy, would be forthwith discarded.

There is, however, another demand which must be met and dealt with before foreigners can consider the siege episode closed, and that is the demand for the punishment of the instigators of the summer's doings. From certain standpoints no demand could be more just in the eyes of the outside world, and some of the culprits named—for instance, the late Governor of Shansi, Yu Hsien, who opened his Yamèn to the hunted missionaries at Tai-yuan-foo and then had them massacred there by the Boxers, and who gloried in the deed

in his memorial to the Throne—could not be punished too harshly; but the list ought to be carefully examined and proper allowance ought to be made for every extenuating consideration lest murdered men should stand forth in future history as martyrs, a stain on the robe of Justice and the seed of enmity ever after. At the moment of writing, this demand for punishment before negotiation rather stops the way; the Court is far off and the culprits are not only with but dominate the Emperor. It may be said that inability to punish is as strong a proof of unfitness to reign as unwillingness, but here as elsewhere circumstances alter cases and, although all are demanding condign punishment sooner or later alike, general opinion pronounces the present demand impractical and impracticable and believes that negotiation ought to precede, and would certainly be followed by, punishment; were the foreign negotiator to say to the Chinese, "We have settled every point but one, and, now that our terms are known, you are in a position to decide whether you will concede this last point or refuse; concede and we sign—refuse, and we tear up all that we have agreed on!"—were he to speak thus, the Chinese negotiator would close with him at once. The wedge of negotiation is like all other wedges, and will only split the block when driven in right end first.

Reparation for the past, both punitive and monetary, will of course be supplemented by stipulations regarding the future. Commercial interests will probably be provided for by some changes in the regulations of trade perhaps involving tariff revision; the Tien-tsin treaties and all succeeding ones negotiated on the same lines, may possibly be declared to have been annulled by this year's doings, and whether replaced by new agreements or modified by the addition of various articles the opportu-

ity will doubtless be availed of to rectify past mistakes and provide more surely for future expansion. In the matter of tariff revision, due consideration ought to be given to China's financial necessities, but at the same time care should be taken to avoid crippling trade by too heavy burdens, and, as for new regulations or additional articles, the localities concerned, and more especially in all that affects trade inland the provincial governments, ought to be consulted and their different circumstances and differing requirements studied and allowed for; for trade to both flourish and be healthy, it is not enough to do all that one side asks for, but both sides ought to be shown the fullest consideration. The question of Missions, Missionaries and Converts may also have to be re-considered and such new arrangements made as shall safeguard the future from the misfortunes and complaints of the past; anything prohibitory ought to be avoided and full room be given for the play of both zeal and common-sense, but the status of both convert and missionary ought to be clearly stated, and the clause which formulates it ought to be fully and strictly enforced; the convert does not cease to be a Chinese subject when he embraces Christianity, but like all other Chinese subjects, must continue to observe his country's laws and submit to his country's tribunals—the missionary is simply a missionary, and must confine himself to a missionary's work and avoid everything that savors of interference in litigation and intervention of any kind where Chinese official action is concerned; it is only by insisting on an unswerving adherence to this principle that the hostility of local populations, provincial officials and central government can be disarmed and evangelization freed from the disabilities it now labors under. National representatives are also likely to be touched on, and as a perpetual

warning against any repetition of this year's occurrences it might be advisable for the article which stipulates for the presence of envoys at the capital to enunciate in the clearest and most forcible language the fact that the representative character makes their persons and establishments sacred and inviolable, and clothes them with majesty and privilege; but residence in an inland capital will have its special risks as long as it is not a matter of honor to respect the inviolability of an envoy and till this is the case the transfer of the capital to a seaport would not much help matters. There is a halo of prestige about Peking as the capital which makes it preferable to any other place in the whole empire, and if the present dynasty were now to establish its court elsewhere it would certainly be regarded as a sign of weakness and would tempt the restless in many provinces to try their luck, not so much to expel the Manchu but as personal ventures. The settlement of these questions will seriously affect the future of China in all its aspects and the foreign negotiator will have the larger say in them, but, once they are done with, it will remain for China to give effect to the stipulations concerning them.

On the one side, then, China has to reconstruct her foreign relations—she has to apologize, make reparation, pay indemnities, and accept various new arrangements, and, on the other, sundry internal reconstruction has become a necessity, seeing that modifications are called for to guarantee financial engagements and insure full protection for merchants, missionaries and ministers. The elaboration of all these points will take time, but each step will suggest the next, and new light will shine to guide at each turning; how much can safely be left to the Chinese Government to plan, initiate and carry out, and how much must be imposed or stipulated for by the various foreign

Powers, must depend upon the question concerned, its connection with the whole, and the amount of confidence reposed in promise and ability, but good faith must be taken for granted and successful fulfilment of obligations can only be expected so long as native methods are not hampered by too many foreign restrictions and too much alien interference. Whether negotiators will have the insight which takes in both sides of a question and the patience which is required for the real arrangement of so important a business, remains to be seen, but it is to be hoped that the opportunity will be made the most of and not lost.

The situation is the outcome of natural national evolution effected by the disturbance engendered by the appearance and intrusion of foreign and antagonistic elements. The Boxer movement is the approximate cause, but this movement is itself one in a chain of causes and effects and the future cannot develop unaffected by it. Although Prince Tuan and colleagues are said to have usurped authority and unlawfully constituted themselves the government of the country for the time being, no one is yet in a position to say with certainty how far the Empress Dowager went with them willingly or under compulsion. The Boxers are now being styled rebels and hunted down as such at sundry points, and as a matter of fact their doings have been characterized by a thoroughness that has overshoot the mark and by a cruelty that has gone beyond all bounds; they began as volunteers, they posed as patriots, and they took the law into their own hands, and thus legalized lawlessness, which was to stamp out Christianity and frighten foreigners away from the country, murdered missionaries and converts, burnt down churches and dwellings, and culminated in the siege of the Legations; its enthusiasm and success even captivated princes

and ministers of state if not the Empress Dowager herself, and what it effected for the Chinese to chew the cud on is this—the Court has fled, the capital is full of foreign soldiers, the burnt out missionaries are housed in the princes' palaces, and the surviving converts are the masters. Under the circumstances Chinese opinion is said to condemn the movement and pronounce all who took part in it worthy of every punishment, and yet, although now execrated by thousands of sufferers, and disowned by such officials as are met with, it must be remembered that their aims and doings were lauded and upheld by the very highest dignitaries of the Empire, and that, sufferers apart, the Chinese world may possibly have only one fault to find with them—that they did not succeed. They no longer flaunt their gaudy sashes in public, but they are still in Peking, while in the country round about, they still congregate and drill; negotiation may possibly pledge the government to discountenance and even act energetically against such patriots, but how long or how far is such a pledge likely to be kept? China must grow strong, and it is to her people she must look for increase of strength. Will prohibitive stipulations gain their point? Is not Germany's "mailed fist" the outcome of an attempt to restrict her military growth? Or will punitive measures avail? Is there not a Phoenix-like power in the blood of martyrdom? We may not consider the dead Boxer a martyr, but what will his surviving fellows feel? Or are military promenades to continue till all present and possible Boxers are killed off? But how exterminate China's four hundred millions? Is there not some better way of dealing with the matter, some wiser way of meeting the "Yellow Peril?" In a recent speech Lord Salisbury is reported to have exhorted the members of the Primrose League "each in his own district, to do

what they can to foster the creation of rifle clubs. If once the feeling can be propagated abroad that it is the duty of every able Englishman" (Chinaman) "to make himself competent to meet the invading enemy . . . you will then have a defensive force which will not only repel the assailant if he come, but which will make the chances of that assailant so bad that no assailant will ever appear!" This is just what China has been attempting—this is the very idea that is at the bottom of the Boxer movement, and the national uprising it means can only be met by the rest of the world, either by reducing the Chinese to serfdom and keeping them there—and is that possible with a population of four hundred millions, or, if possible, is it the best way of treating so intelligent and so industrious a people?—or by dealing with them, their government, their property, their institutions and their trade, as we ourselves would be dealt with—and is not that a duty even though they did not number a million? Dictation and coercion to be successful must be absolute and thoroughgoing, but in point of fact they have their limits and, whatever they may seem to have of local, partial, or temporary success, their effect can only be ephemeral and one day or other the string will be cut and the cork fly from the bottle with a velocity and momentum that repression will unconsciously incubate but never dream of. Unfortunately at this juncture the situation is the result of many little understood antecedent and still existing causes, and the doings and attitude of government and people are at various points and in many ways calculated to provoke if not justify adherence to a policy both coercive and dictatorial, but, all the same, it is precisely at this juncture that reasonable action and sympathetic treatment would win friends in the present and sow the seeds of good relations in the future. Foreign troops

have now held capital and vicinity for months, and as yet the negotiators have not had a single sitting; this delay is creating unrest where all was quiet before, and so the difficulty is increasing, far-away regions begin to be affected, trade is coming to a standstill, revenue is falling off, failure to meet national obligations and pay the interest on foreign loans is hanging over a government that would scorn repudiation, native and foreigner at Peking and Tien-tsin are alike feeling how military occupation can pinch, and some escape from a situation that is entailing so much and such widespread suffering and inconvenience is hourly more necessary. The return of the Court is all important, but even here are all the elements of another dilemma if not deadlock, for how can the Court come back from its far-off Chinese surroundings and comparative immunity to a capital filled with foreign troops, and how can those troops vacate that capital till order is restored, proper relations re-established and the future guaranteed? And yet till the Emperor is again in Peking everything will be abnormal and unsettled and without a proper foundation. The *mot d'ordre* "Punishment first, negotiation afterwards!" must delay, if not prevent, such hoped-for return, and, even

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were it so liberally interpreted as to neither intimidate nor unnecessarily humiliate the Emperor, it will be long before reconstruction can be complete, before new structures can take the place of those the flames devoured, before new hands can re-commence the old industries, before new modes of thought can heal old wounds, and new principles rectify old mistakes; on the other hand, some of the Powers may realize the difficulties of the larger question and take the view that their forces were sent simply to relieve the Legations and not to make war or dictate change, and that further intervention is inexpedient, and the future may be left to develop in its own way. Whatever be the eventual solution, the day of difficulty will not be ended by either the return of the Emperor or the withdrawal of foreign troops, but something will have been gained if Boxer excesses shall have proved to have alienated the sympathy of the government, and the considerateness of the foreigner shall have disarmed official suspicion and won some liking from the Chinese public. Time alone will show whether a wrong touch will have precipitated an empire boulder into the abyss below, or a right one restored equilibrium and settled it firmly on the edge of the cliff.

Robert Hart.

A NEW CENTURY AND AN OLD RIDDLE.

Y. Ah! welcome! I was thinking of you just now, and how long it is since I had seen you—not since your illness. But now I can congratulate you on your recovery this New Year's Day, and New Century Day. *Bonne journée, bonne œuvre.*

X. Your kind welcome is *bonne œuvre*, that's certain; whether it is

bonne œuvre to have recovered footing on this ground, why, that is another matter. It's dubious to me, just as it is dubious whether this first day of January, 1901, is *bonne journée* for the planet and its inhabitants.

Y. Oh dear! what big words—monstrous words! Some people say, "Why make a fuss about the 1st of January,

1901, any more than about the last Tuesday was a twelvemonth?" I am not one of them. I ignorantly worship the new century. But I say to my friends, Do let us put away all these pessimistic follies with the nineteenth hundred of grace, and start afresh with the twentieth. Let us—

X. Forgive my interrupting you, but I am anxious to ask—Is there, do you think, any better ground for putting away pessimistic for hopeful questioning of the Sphinx because this is the 1st of January, 1901, than there was on the 1st of January, 1900 (always supposing it is worth while to question the Sphinx at all)?

Y. Of course it would be irrational to say yes. This is a mere arbitrary point of our own fixing, in the whirling cycle; we are all agreed as to that. But it strikes the imagination—it's a peg to hang one's thoughts on.

X. But why should they be any less pessimistic thoughts than before? It is not proved to me that pessimism is folly. Are you so youthful in heart as to think there is the slightest probability that the sickness of these latter times will be cured, in that a new measure is begun in their tale of years?

Y. No, I am not. But I do think it worth while for a few of us sick folk—as sick in mind as you have been in body—to reconsider our conclusions, now that we are pointedly appealed to by our own almanacks.

X. It still seems to me that you give the almanack an altogether imaginary *Standpunkt* whence to sermonize mankind. Whether we choose to reckon by fifties or by hundreds or by thousands of years is "neither here nor there." The tiresome riddle of human existence remains as before, for those who choose to pay any attention to it.

Y. *Vous préchez une convertie*, my dear friend. The reckoning by centuries is of our making, of course. But day and night and the seasons and the

years, are not of our making, nor yet the immeasurable stream of change, which has been rushing round and round, and yet forward, since "the planet" cooled into a coherent shape.

X. And what then?

Y. I humbly suggest to you to think of this word "forward." I say here is a point that we have marked for ourselves in the flux of time. Well, it suggests to us, inevitably, fresh wonderment at that flux which is carrying us all—fresh questioning—whence? and whither? How? why?—

X. Very likely. But is there any profit in all your wonder and questioning?

Y. I venture to think there may be some. I was going on to say that there would seem to be a progress towards some far-off goal, as well as the rushing round and round—

The rushing and the rolling of the æons of the years—

in the course of this world. A forward movement—

X. Of a sort—

Y. —seems to be intended by the great unknown directing Power. So much, it would seem, we may infer, even apart from the Christian position.

X. Possibly.

Y. If so, my contention is that it is worth while to consider, as we look at this little point in the almanack, whether it may not signalize new thoughts—or rather new-old—of our position and outlook, pains and joys and hopes. May we not profitably revert to old conceptions of life—

X. Reversion and progress are not usually reckoned convertible terms.

Y. You would not hear my sentence out. It is difficult to make one's meaning clear, in such discussions as this, without appearing pompous and verbose—or at least wearisome.

X. No, no; say on.

Y. Well, I am clumsily trying to argue that reversion may lead to progress; that if we take heart, and resume the old conception of life that the great ages of Greece, for instance, had—thinking of it much more simply than has been our modern wont, as a good and happy, beautiful and powerful thing in itself, not troubling ourselves with all the drawbacks possible, nor asking “What is the use?” at every turn—why, then we may find that though the old conception has something that we had lost and are glad to regain, we can add to it and make it larger and richer; that life and thought, in a word, have made progress in the lapse of centuries.

X. I fail to see it. I could almost say I see none but mechanical progress. You speak of the Greeks. Now, in mental initiative, both in art and dialectics, we simply subsist on the old Greek methods. If we seem taller, perhaps, than they, it is because we stand upon their shoulders. They raised this structure of thought and life upon the common ground. We may make better buttons, and steam and fuss ourselves round the world in ways unknown to them; but all this has not a jot to say to true progress. Life may be a sorry and mean thing, thought may be poor and grovelling, with possession of the best buttons and the most powerful steam-engines. And so life and thought often seem to me, as to many other observers of the present state of the world.

Y. You cling very lovingly to your old Greeks. It is an attitude I have often observed in persons of your sex; perhaps it is because the great ages of Greece are, in the main, masculine ground, where only a few women can follow, and whence you can, therefore, safely extol Greek thought and Greek life to us, the female laity; just as the Golden Age remains golden because nobody ever knew it. But I don't wish to

banter. I suppose it is true that sheer mundane happiness, the full and honest use and enjoyment of life, prevailed with the old Greeks as it does not with us; that they took life more simply and “naturally” than we do, and were, so far as this world goes, in a healthier state than we. Did I not, despite your scoff, propose reversion—in some sense—to their conceptions?

X. True.

Y. And I suppose I am credibly informed when you tell me that in art and dialectics there is virtually no new thing since the great Greek initiative. But the Greeks had surely no “talent for religion,” as we understand the word?

X. Well, no; that is, I should say, a tolerably fair account—if a vague, allusive phrase can give account of anything.

Y. I am not competent to more than quoting other people's conclusions in the matter; but—

X. Well, your allusive phrase has, for the nonce, answered the end of language. For I think I understand what you mean; and as far as I am competent I agree with it.

Y. Now, then, I venture a little further. It is in religion and morals—where the Greeks failed—that I should claim progress in other branches of mankind; progress which may encourage us to hope, and even joy, on beginning the new century.

X. I admire. But you must unfold the reasons for your hope and joy. To many of us religion and morals seem in a parlous condition. I do not mean by this that people are more irreligious or immoral than they have been for many hundred years. I do not believe that mankind will ever shake itself free from the need of some kind of religion, or that it will ever be able to dispense with some code of morality. But what religion? and what morality? what foundations? and what sanctions? The

old bases and sanctions seem to have decayed very much; are they to be, can they be repaired? or are we to establish new? And if we are, how shall we set about it?

Y. People have had all this reiterated in their ears for a very long while; it is at least as old as Bishop Butler's day. You remember how he complains of the easy chatter of the Georgian teatables, disposing of the Christian religion and the Christian morality as effete superstitions, *quantités négligeables*. But the attitude of men's minds has been changing while this kind of talk (which is itself less flippant in our days than in Butler's) has been repeated and echoed about; and surely it is evident to every candid observer that there has been a great revival of religion, and of the belief in the religious sanction of morality, during the last sixty or seventy years of the late century.

X. That is true—but by no means the whole truth in the matter. You yourself note that the sceptical treatment of the old foundations and sanctions is "less flippant" now than in Bishop Butler's time. And there, in a word, lies the rub—as I take it. It is not with the chatter of the flippant, the "society" talk of idle people that we are now concerned. It is with some of the most thoughtful and conscientious amongst us, who are asking whether the current notions of religion and morality are valid, and can avail for purpose and direction in a man's course of life as of old. Such persons see clearly enough that there has been a great "revival" of fervor and activity in the Church—a "movement" whose force does not appear to have spent itself yet. What is not so clear as they wish to see it is whether religion and morality, as they have come down to us, can meet the new knowledge, and new conclusions from new knowledge, of the present day, and maintain their

own due supremacy intact. If they cannot, the multiplication and fervor of religious observances, and the activity of religious persons in charitable and philanthropic undertakings, will not avail. The sceptre will pass—slowly but surely—from a religion and morality whose standpoint is in an ideal world beyond this to a religion and morality grounded in and adapted solely to this world.

Y. If the "revival" were merely in respect of the external activities that you note I should agree with that forecast. For thought, as Carlyle said, in the last resort governs the world of men; it directs and controls their total force. As men think so they will, in the long run, act. But we claim that we have a revival of conviction, a renewed sense of the nearness of God, and of His participation in human affairs, small and fragmentary as is our knowledge of the Divine nature; a renewed belief in the reality of our Lord's mission, and of His claim on our allegiance, and of His clue for the labyrinth of modern speculative difficulties. Without this, indeed, the increase of activity in externals would be a vain show of life, a soulless ardor.

X. I do not expect *schöne Seelen* like you to agree with me. You have your own view of the phenomena of the day; it appears to be both honest and comforting. Happy for you that it is so! But there are others who can't help thinking that many, perhaps most of the old arguments in religion and morals do not go to what we now see to be the root of the matter. One of the great leaders of old Greek thought, as you will remember, cites the question, "Is the holy man holy because he is loved of the gods? or is he loved of the gods because he is holy?" That is practically our question, too, when stated in modern terms. Is there any "right" and "wrong" outside the experiences of human life here below or

not? Now, when you speak as you do of "progress towards a far-off goal," you show your instinctive conclusion that religion and morality have their foundation and sanction out of this world; you show your conviction that the essence of the matter does not lie in the fact that God approves a good man's conduct because it is adapted to the exigencies of this life, but in the fact that a good man is good because he is approved of God—i. e., by supreme, absolute goodness beyond any that we know here. And your instinct is right—from your point of view. For if the *raison d'être* of our religion and morality, of right thinking and right doing, be indeed outside this world, if it belongs to the fundamental and eternal nature of things—in other words, to the character of the governing Power of the universe—then we must expect to see a purpose and progress towards a goal beyond this mortal scene in the evolution of human affairs.

Y. Exactly! That is just what I wished to urge. And that is why I claim that we "rejoice, yea, and will rejoice" in the opening of a new century for our old planet.

X. But softly! you go too fast for me. How if our religion and morality, our "right" and "wrong," be terms totally meaningless, apart from the exigencies of human life as we know it? How if the character of the "governing Power" seem to have nothing whatever to say to them? Cast your comprehensive glance back to a time later than it looked back to when we began this conversation—to a time long after "the planet had cooled into a coherent shape—"

Y. Why should you laugh at me?

X. I don't; but try and picture to yourself the time when "dragons of the prime . . . tare each other in their slime." That epoch was a product of the energy, the directing will of the governing Power; was it not?

Y. We must suppose so, of course.

X. But what room was there for our "right" and "wrong" in such a world? or, consequently, in the character and nature of the governing Power that ordained it?

Y. I think—so far as I can think at all at this dizzy height—that the human mind must needs be hopelessly at fault in endeavor to frame definitions of God's essential nature, and its possible manifestations, in terms of our thought. You insist on looking back through untold æons of time, and say, "Where was the character of your governing Power *then*?" much as people cast up the follies of a man's youth against him in his maturity. It is absurd. How can we pronounce upon primeval phenomena and the supreme Power's relation to them? upon the nature and character of Him who is the reality behind all phenomena, while we are cognizant only of the phenomena? of Him with whom "it is always *Now*," while we are unable to think except in the terms of time?

X. You state your case forcibly. But do you not see that in urging all this you must give up your claim for a supernatural, extra-mundane basis for morality? You cry, "*O altitudo!*" His ways are past finding out; but they are clearly not our ways; He has nothing Himself to do with our Right and Wrong; they do not pertain to His character." And note that we *need* not go back through untold æons to discern this dreary truth—if it be a truth. So far as we can draw any conclusion as to the character of the governing Power, by observing the course of this world at the present moment "apart from the disturbing factor of the human will and affections," it is the conclusion that that character is, not indeed immoral, but non-moral, according to our reckonings. Huxley's well-known phrase "the cosmic process" indicates in convenient form the impression made

upon competent observers, be they tender-hearted or stoutly indifferent, anxious or content. But, on the other hand, when you claim "progress in religion or morals" you would, I apprehend, base your claim first of all upon the improvement in men's conceptions of God, of His character, and of the kind of worship and service acceptable to Him?

Y. Yes. And I suppose you will not disallow that. Surely if there is anything writ large in history, it is that our beliefs about God have grown nobler and tenderer in course even of the Christian ages; while as to comparison with the heathen, why, one has only to look at the old heathen conceptions of Divine character and Divine worship, as exemplified now by modern heathen peoples, to realize what a momentous change has been wrought in the matter of religion for mankind at large.

X. I am not concerned to dispute all this—though I might remark, perhaps, in passing that I know of no "nobler and tenderer" conceptions of God's character than are to be found in the old Hebrew prophets.

Y. Forecasts—anticipations—

X. Be it so; the important thing to notice now is that it is precisely because of the gradual assimilation of our idea of goodness in God and our idea of goodness in man (for that is what your phrase "nobler and tenderer" implies), because of this that you claim progress in religion. And yet in the next breath you are fain to admit that our ideas of goodness have no *locus standi* beyond this world—that we have no evidence that they belong to the fundamental and eternal nature of things, that is, to the character of the Power that governs the universe. The human mind has doubtless a marvelous power of entertaining together very quarrelsome inconsistencies; but I can't see how it can intelligently and with full perception hold these two

without their coming to mortal combat.

Y. I beg you to note that I have never claimed progress in religion—in our ideas about God and our obligations to Him—except so far as under present conditions we are capable of apprehending His nature and character; that is to say, so far as He is concerned with us. I am quite unable to imagine—it seems to me folly to try to imagine—how He is concerned with other forms of life and other manifestations of energy than ours, as I said before.

X. But some of these "other forms of life and other manifestations of energy" touch *our* lives at every turn; they embody the will of the governing Power towards us in a thousand ways. What are we to think concerning them? concerning that "cosmic process" which is, for this world, in the nature of things? How are we to fit our thoughts of it with the "nobler and tenderer" ideas of God's nature and character which have been evolved in men's hearts? The old heathen ideas about the Divine Power were much more consonant with the cosmic process than those which you applaud, and in which you find such encouraging progress. "God's pleasure" was not with the heathen His "good pleasure"—it was quite as often evil. The only characteristic in which your improved, progressive idea of God touches the old is that of irresistible power; and that is the central characteristic, as we all know full well, of the cosmic process too. But in all other respects your idea of God, and consequently of religion, goes on diverging more and more from the conclusions which seem forced upon us by observation of the cosmic process. Moreover, it is becoming increasingly difficult to keep the characteristic of irresistible power in your idea; for if God be almighty, why does He suffer this process to go on, which, it would

seem, is essentially contradictory of His character and purpose, according to your improved conception of them? In short the gulf gaps wider and wider—and you rejoice at that.

Y. My conviction is that we shall know hereafter how the gulf is bridged—how these incongruities are reconciled.

X. I congratulate you on your conviction—on having no pestilent demand to meet—

Are God and Nature then at strife,
That Nature lends such evil dreams?

(By the way, I wonder how many readers of "In Memoriam" have chafed at the almost random touch allotted to that great dilemma—touched only to leave it with a "Peace, come away"? I congratulate you, I say—

Y. Indeed, it seems to me that it is only in such conviction of illumination hereafter that one can find peace now.

X. Doubtless, if we could all abandon ourselves to the "leanings and leaps of the heart" we should choose to take our stand on your side of the gulf. For it is certain that that God, the idea of whom has been gradually evolved in our thought (culminating I fully admit in Christian thought), *that* God is lovable, worthy of all human reverence; while the Power, personal or impersonal, manifest in the cosmic process, is not lovable, nor worthy of reverence distinctly human. But, after all, the question is not what men's hearts and affections incline to, but what is true.

Y. I should say both considerations enter into the case—or rather that one may aid in the discernment of the demands of the other—as I may try to indicate in my feeble way presently.

X. The question is, Will your improved conceptions of the nature, character and purpose of the Supreme Power—upon which hang all your religion and morality—will these now, in popu-

lar phrase, hold water? Are they reasonably tenable, together with what we know of the order of the universe? Are we to reverence love, justice, self-offering, etc., and practice them ourselves—are we to live with constant reference to an hereafter of perfection in these virtues and graces—when they are contradicted by the whole drift of "natural" life and cosmic energy, and when (what is equally momentous) we seem to be shut up in the whirling cycle of natural forces, and so shut off from all really noble progress; confined, every one of us, too, each to his little span of time, dominated by this same cosmic process?

Y. How could it be otherwise than that the truth of things is our one concern, whether it be painful or pleasant to us? But what I meant just now I may, perhaps, show best by repeating a phrase of yours which struck me before. You spoke of "observing the course of the world"—of the cosmic process—"apart from the disturbing factor of the human will and affections." Is not that "disturbing factor" an element in the highest degree necessary to take into our calculation? Is not "the human will and affections," briefly, the highest product of energy—at once the most complex and the noblest result of the evolution of forces—of which we have cognizance here? Must not *its* persistent needs and requirements, its continuous developments afford, if there be any truth in the correlation of character and environment, the strongest presumption of the reality of the *pabulum* on which alone they can be fed? Or are its passionate longings, its ardent aspirations, its brave ventures only hanging, as it were, in the inane? baseless, fruitless?

X. There is, no doubt, a *presumption*—but no more. And there are great ugly facts that make against it.

Y. I do not believe that we can attain to more than a presumption in

thinking of these things. Conviction belongs to another region—to the region of communion with the Father of Spirits. I can't dare to patter my poor words about that. But when the presumptions of our reason fairly meet the conviction of our heart, then, I think, we may take courage and face the cosmic process, and the seemingly endless whirl of pitiless "Nature," and hope not foolishly, in the new time—ay, and in what is beyond time. After all, the basis of all religion and all morality for

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us is truth—reality—and in that virtue our idea of God and our observation of the cosmic process meet. Now, forgive my poor attempts; I can only grope after my own meaning—let alone the gist of the matter.

X. Oh! we are all gropers, and I like to grope in good company. And "anyway, the world must contrive to struggle on"—*nicht wahr?* Why, God bless me, the cosmic forces have run on to half-past six! Good-bye, good-bye, and a happy century to you!

Theo. Chapman.

A CHIME OF FOUR.

The stir of myriad lives as yet unseen
Thrills through the bosom of the earth again,
That answers, smiling where the fields grow green,
The innumerable whisper of the rain.

Willow and hazel's red and silver stems,
Like lances, fling their leafy pennons wide;
The hedges wear their wild-rose diadems,
White daisies crest the wave of summer tide.

A sense of noonday broods above the lands.
Fast whitening fields the liberal sunbeams bathe;
While where the sickles flash in tawny hands
The flaming poppy dyes the fallen swathe.

Gone is the harvest's gracious burdening.
A keen-fanged frost the bare brown furrow grieves,
Th' undoing winds of winter hoarsely sing
The requiem of a thousand thousand leaves.

Longman's Magazine.

John Berwick.

A PEDAGOGUE'S ROMANCE.

One cold windy evening in April there might have been seen coming down the steps of the National Gallery a tall man with rather a sallow complexion; his features were evasive, and a cursory glance would have told you no more than that his mouth was rather wide, and his nose rather flat, and that in the middle of his forehead there was a small spot which showed red against his sallow skin. A closer inspection would have noticed pleasant gray eyes, and a not very well-shaven chin; while an examination of his trousers, not much worn, but ill-fitting and creased, and with well-marked bags at the knees, of his tail-coat of black-ribbed cloth, bound with braid, and of his spotted blue tie, a little crooked, and evincing an irresistible tendency to surmount the low, stick-up collar, would have led an intelligent observer to the correct conclusion that the owner was a master at one of our great public schools. Having obtained an old yellow oak stick from the temporary guardian provided by the nation, this individual walked slowly up to Pall Mall, where, having crossed the road, he stepped, with that caution which marks one who has not lived in London, on to the board of a passing omnibus, and made his way among the toes of stony-eyed females to the only place inside; for he was nearing his fortieth birthday, and had reached the period when the outside of a 'bus begins to lose its attractions on a raw evening. They had turned into Piccadilly, and rolled a few hundred yards along the dense stream of traffic, when the 'bus came grinding to a standstill in response to the urgent signals of a small party on the pavement, consisting of an elderly stout lady, with a

girl of about twenty and a boy some five or six years younger, evidently home for the holidays.

"Here you are, mother!" cried the boy. "I'm going on the top." And without leaving time for any possible argument on the subject, he jumped on while the vehicle was still in motion and ran up the steps; the elder lady stepped on next, and as she evinced no intention of scaling the perilous ladder, was met by the "Full inside, mum," of the conductor.

"Oh dear, dear, what a nuisance—I can't possibly go outside. We must get down again, dear, and wait for another 'bus; how silly of Tom to rush up on to the roof like that—he might have seen it was full; but he never stops to look at anything. Conductor, would you mind just running up and calling my son down?"

The conductor was about to give an irritable reply, when our hero appeared at the entrance and expressed his willingness to ride outside.

"'Ere y'are then, mum," said the conductor chafing at this long delay; and pulling the bell-cord sharply with one hand, he helped the old lady in with the other. She disappeared into the interior where the women looked at her with undisguised irritation, and the few men sat with a far-away look to try and hide their hot internal debate as to whether they ought to have offered to go outside; while one young man in the corner coughed and snuffled loudly for several minutes to demonstrate the reason for his apparent want of politeness.

The daughter tripped lightly up the steps, closely followed by our hero, in whom a vague feeling of pleasure took the place of his annoyance at having

to go outside when he saw that his civility had benefited the mother of a charming-looking daughter.

"Hullo, Loo," remarked the brother as she sat down beside him; "are you coming up here? What's been the row?"

"Why, you silly boy, the 'bus was full inside, and you would have had to come down, only the gentleman behind us gave mamma his place."

Tom turned round to have a look at the gentleman, and his expression immediately changed from one of curiosity into one of immense and embarrassed amazement. As he turned the gentleman held out his hand, saying, "How do you do, Crawford? I thought it was you, but I wasn't sure till you turned. How are you?"

"How do you do, sir?" replied Tom, shaking the proffered hand, and relapsing into embarrassed silence.

"What have you been doing with yourself? Having a good time? You don't look as if you'd been wearing yourself out over your holiday task," said the master, plunging heavily, as his wont was, into his perennial holiday joke.

While Tom laughed rather uneasily in reply, his toe was violently trodden on by his sister, who accompanied the pressure with a very audible whisper, "Introduce me, Tom."

Tom, annoyed at having his toe disturbed, and unaccustomed to the performance of the social duty suddenly thrust upon him, turned and said brusquely, "This is my sister, sir," adding tentatively, "Have you been to many theatres?"

But here Lucy broke in with thanks for his kindness to her mother, and kept up a pleasant conversation as they rolled along, so that it seemed no time before they reached Kensington Church, where they all got down. Tom rushed down in front before his sister could get an opportunity of eliciting

the much-needed information as to the master's name, and when the introduction to her mother came she had to apologize for Tom's stupidity, and ask it. The name was Stubbs, and was recognized at once, for he was Tom's form master. An invitation to lunch on the next Sunday was cordially given and accepted, and the maternal heart rejoiced in the opportunity of propitiating the stern being who had been so misguided as to cast doubts in the last term's report on the diligence of dear Tom.

Meanwhile dear Tom was giving vent to his pent-up amazement.

"Well, I declare!" he exclaimed. "Just fancy meeting old Buncle on a 'bus in Piccadilly!" and he laughed aloud with renewed zest.

"I don't see anything so very funny in it," broke in his sister. "And what a little silly you were not to tell me his name when you introduced me!"

"All right, Loo, you needn't get so shirty; and there wasn't any need to bring your beetle-crushers on to my toe as you did," retorted Tom, resenting the epithet "little." "Besides, I thought you'd know old Buncle. How the fellows will laugh when I tell them I saw him in Piccadilly!"

"Why shouldn't poor Mr. Buncle be in Piccadilly, Tom?" asked Mrs. Crawford plaintively. "I'm sure it was most fortunate that he was there." "Stubbs, mother," replied Tom, shaking with laughter. "You're like a new fellow in our house, last term, who went up to Billy and asked him for two sheets of impot paper for Mr. Buncle."

"Well, Mr. Stubbs, then, I can't keep pace with all your absurd names; but why shouldn't he be in Piccadilly?"

"Oh, I don't know; you'd understand if you knew him. It's such a comical idea somehow—old Buncle being on a 'bus in Piccadilly! Look here, Loo,

what a ripping little engine that is in that window!"

Meanwhile the object of this conversation was making his way towards Linden Gardens in high spirits. Stubbs was, as we have said, nearly forty; but the years had stolen upon him without his noticing them, and his heart was as fresh and impressionable as it had been twenty years before. He had always liked ladies' society, though somehow he never went out of his way to get it; during the whole of his youth he had been more or less in love with some one or other secretly; but his heart had found safety in numbers, and of late years he had got into a groove, like most of his profession, and lived from year's end to year's end quite contentedly among a small circle which contained no possible object of romantic affection. Nevertheless, when chance threw a pretty face in his way, as it had done on this occasion, he was still as ready as Romeo to submit to its influence, and as he walked quickly along with a peculiar rolling gait, he found himself welcoming with astonishing zeal the old, well-loved flavor of romance.

II.

The Stubbs family did not live in London; the father had a small parish in Kent, where he lived with his wife and a daughter younger than our hero; the latter was now paying a visit to an elder sister, who had married an officer many years before. This officer had risen to the rank of major before the fatal shelving time overtook him, when, having some private means, he had settled in London, "to be near the centre of things," as he said, though it was not obvious in what way he benefited thereby, as he was a dull though worthy man, who spent his time doing nothing very busily. He was very inquisitive, and as keen as a boy over a

small joke, so that he had soon found out all about the meeting on the 'bus, and had been poking fun at Stubbs as a squire of dames ever since, though without ever dreaming that there could really be any foundation for his sallies.

On the following Sunday, Stubbs, who had spent a pleasant but unconstituted morning in the smoking-room sallied forth betimes to walk across Kensington Gardens to the Crawfords'. He was arrayed in the same clothes that he wore during the week, the black tail-coat of ribbed cloth bound with braid, which was so well known to his form at Tonbury. For the first time his shabbiness gave him a twinge of discomfort, and he thought to himself: "I hope they're not a very dressy lot of people there, but they didn't look it; anyhow, it's not worth while getting a new coat to go out to lunch in once a year."

Half-way across the Gardens a horrid thought struck him; he put his hand to his chin, muttering: "I declare, I've forgotten to shave! What an ass I am!"

It was too late to turn back and he was not so very bad, as he had performed the operation on the preceding evening in honor of a guest who came to dinner; but the annoyance made him quite hot and uncomfortable, and damped the pleasure which he had felt hitherto in this unwonted excursion.

Having rolled benignantly across the Gardens among the large juvenile population who were disporting themselves in the sunshine, he plunged into the maze of squares and terraces on the south side, and soon found himself at the Crawfords' house. It was not until he had rung the bell that he realized, on consulting his watch, that he was a good ten minutes before his time. For a moment he thought of retreating and coming again, but while he was still in doubt the

door opened, and he walked in. As he went up the stairs he heard Tom's voice clear and distinct from some upper regions shouting: "Dick, you little beast, come here at once!" and immediately a little shrill voice piped out: "Mr. Bunce is my uncle; Mr. Bunce—"

Here there was a rush and a stifled cry, and Stubbs heard no more, for he was ushered into the drawing-room. Mrs. Crawford was talking to a bonneted lady as he came in; she rose to meet him, and said cordially: "Ah, how do you do, Mr. Bunce? Let me introduce you to my sister, Miss Grant."

At first poor Stubbs was too flabbergasted at being thus attacked on both sides by his nickname to be able to speak, but Mrs. Crawford went on quite placidly:

"Mr. Bunce was so kind as to give me his seat in an omnibus the other day, Emily. I don't know what we should have done if it hadn't been for him, the evenings have been so raw lately, and as it was, poor Lucy had to go outside, and caught a dreadful cold; and then he turned out to be dear Tom's master. Wasn't it a coincidence?"

Stubbs's heart sank within him at the mention of the cold, but before he could frame his question Miss Grant had broken in:

"Yes, indeed, it is dreadfully raw in the evenings now; only last Thursday, no—let me see, Thursday, Mr. Parsons came to dinner—no, it was Wednesday—only last Wednesday—I was going out to dear Robert's to tea, and when I got into the street it was so raw I couldn't make up my mind whether to walk to the corner and take a 'bus, or call a hansom at once; it's only an eighteen-penny fare, you know; but what with one thing and another, I always give the man sixpence extra, so I thought—well, after all, it's only

a step down to the corner, and a 'bus is just as comfortable, really, as a hansom, if you don't mind not going so fast, you know; so I walked down to the corner and got quite hot, and then all the 'buses were full inside, and after waiting ten minutes in the cold, I had to take a hansom after all, and the driver was so very unpleasant because I only gave him eighteen-pence, though it's quite the right fare, you know."

During this lengthy tale Mrs. Crawford had been busy thinking how she might gently lead the conversation to the subject of dear Tom's studiousness, while Stubbs was wondering, with growing irritation, whether Miss Crawford was laid up, and his luncheon vain; but before either had time to speak, to Stubbs's great relief, Miss Crawford came in looking as fresh and pretty and smart as his recollection had painted her.

"Good morning, Aunt," she said. "How do you do, Mr. Stubbs," and his heart beat faster than it had done for many a long year as he touched her hand.

"I'm afraid I'm dreadfully late; the sermon was so terribly long. Do you ever go to St. Peter Martyr's, Mr. Stubbs?"

"No; I never quite know where to go to in London in the morning," he replied; indeed, he never went anywhere. "I always go to St. Paul's in the afternoon."

"How delightful! It's quite my ideal of what a service ought to be. I often go when I can drag Tom out."

"But, my dear Lucy," said Mrs. Crawford, "you oughtn't to go out again to-day, with your cold; you really oughtn't."

"Mother, dear, I haven't got a cold this morning, it's really perfectly all right; oh, there's the bell. I must go and get ready."

"Dear Lucy is so imprudent, Emily,"

said Mrs. Crawford to her sister. "But she's just like her father; if she wants to do anything it's no good trying to stop her." Then turning to Stubbs, with pleasing unconsciousness of the suggested train of thought: "Mr. Crawford was so sorry to miss you, Mr. Buncle; but he had to go down to Wimbledon. Emily, dear, shall we go down to lunch?"

Miss Grant complied with the request, twittering as she went with more than a tinge of injury in her voice. "Yes, I'm so sorry Harry had to go away; I suppose he had to see some one on business. I always seem to miss him somehow. The last time I saw him was that evening I came to dinner, you know, when it snowed so dreadfully as I came; I thought, I wonder if I shall ever get back; I thought perhaps the cabs wouldn't be able to run, you know, and this is such a long way from the Underground; and then it's not easy to get to Potomac Place from the other end, though, really, it can't be more than ten minutes from the Queen's Road Station; but then it is so dreadful walking in the snow, and all that, you know."

Lucy had joined them as they went down, and Tom was discovered already at his place eyeing the desert.

Stubbs was in the fatal high spirits which led him to be jocose with his pupils.

"Ah, Crawford," said he, as Tom shook hands rather shyly, "it's easier to be punctual for lunch than lessons, eh?"

Tom blushed, and muttered something in reply; but in a minute or two he was electrified by hearing his mother saying in her slow, incisive tones: "Mr. Buncle, will you have beef or chicken?"

There was a moment's silence, poor Stubbs not knowing quite what to do; but, to his intense gratitude, Lucy

came to the rescue with a pleasant laugh:

"My dear mother, this is Mr. Stubbs."

The poor lady was covered with confusion. "How stupid of me! Pray excuse me, Mr. Buncle—oh, there I am again! I am so bad at names, and I quite got it into my head somehow that your name was Buncle."

Stubbs rose to the occasion. "Well, Mrs. Crawford, to tell you the truth, that is my nickname, and far more people know me by it than by my real name, so that, like the man in the 'Hunting of the Snark,' I answer to 'Hi, or to any loud cry.'"

"Boys are so strange with their nicknames," said Miss Grant. "I remember dear Robert, when he was at school, was always called 'Greaser'—such a strange name for Robert, who was always a particularly thin boy, you know. I never could make it out."

"Are you going to Cousin Robert's Zenana Meeting on Wednesday, Aunt?" said Lucy, anxious to turn the conversation.

"No, dear; I didn't even know he had a meeting. How very strange that I should not have heard of it! He never said a word about it when I was there at tea only last week. How very peculiar that he shouldn't have mentioned it! Of course, it's a long way to his mission hall, where, I suppose, it is going to be, and he may have thought: 'Well, I know she doesn't often go out, and won't care to come to this;' but it's very strange that I shouldn't have heard of it, you know."

So the conversation passed safely off, to the intense relief of Tom, who had been sitting in purple consciousness that he was the origin of the confusion of names; and also of Stubbs, who, truth to tell, never relished the name. He had a shrewd idea, and he was quite right, that the name had reference to the bright spot on his forehead, and had originated one day when he

had delivered an unfortunate disquisition to his form on the "embossed carbuncle" of King Lear's indignant speech.

"Tom," said Lucy, "will you come to St. Paul's this afternoon?"

"What do you want to go to St. Paul's for? It's an awful long way, and there's nowhere to put your hat!"

"Oh, do come, Tom. Canon Dash is going to preach."

"Why can't Loo get old Buncle to go, without bothering me," thought Tom to himself angrily; but, being a good-natured youth, he only remarked:

"Well, I'll come if you'll let me sit down in the anthem."

"Well, we'll see," said Lucy, having gained her point.

"If you and Tom are going Paulwards, might I venture to come with you?" said Stubbs.

"Oh, certainly, Mr. Stubbs; and then you can keep Tom in order—he's getting quite too much for me—are'n't you, Tom? Time was when I ruled him with a rod of iron."

"I should jolly well like to know when that was!"

Here Miss Grant, who had been twittering meditatively for some time, broke in again:

"Lucy, dear, when did you say Robert's Zenana Mission meeting was going to be? I suppose you're sure about it—it seems so *very* strange that I should have heard nothing of it; perhaps he is sending out notices by post, and they haven't arrived yet; but I don't quite know what to do. I don't like to write and ask him point-blank, you know, although I'm sure there must be some mistake; but it's very strange, you know, isn't it, Jane?"

Mrs. Crawford launched out into a soothing strain of possible, though most unlikely explanations, and the trouble passed off for the time.

"If you are going by Underground, Miss Crawford," said Stubbs, "don't

you think it would be rather nice to get out at Westminster and walk along the Embankment? It's such a lovely afternoon."

"I should like it of all things, and it will be so good for Tom to get a walk; he never will walk a step in London."

"I hate walking in Sunday-go-to-meetings," said Tom.

"Well, it won't hurt you for once. I must go and get ready, or we shan't catch the 2.5."

A few minutes later the little party set out. Stubbs was in the highest delight at this unexpected prolongation of his pleasure, and Lucy was pleased at having such a strong ally in the carrying out of her wishes against Tom's. The latter alone was at first rather inclined to be grumpy, and to think that schoolmasters were out of place in the holidays; but he had an inward satisfaction in having found out that his cousin, the Rev. Robert Grant, who patronized him, and was cordially disliked, had been called "Greaser" at school.

Poor Stubbs was, as we have said, in the highest spirits; but he soon had a tumble from the airy castles which he had been building in the train, when, as they walked along the Embankment, Lucy, hearing that he was a Balliol man, asked innocently if he had known her father up there.

"I expect he was up before my time," he answered, smiling rather grimly. "I didn't go up till '78."

"Oh, of course," she replied. "How stupid of me! Papa must have been at Oxford long before that—only, somehow, one always thinks that people of the same college must have been up together."

"Have you ever been to Oxford?" he asked.

"No; I should so like to go; it must be great fun in 'commem' when they have all those dances and picnics. A great friend of mine has got a brother

up there, and she has told me all about it; her brother is an old Tonburian, by the bye, Colman by name. Do you know him?"

"Oh yes, I know him quite well—he's a very nice fellow," replied Stubbs truthfully; while in his heart of hearts he felt with a half-amused despair that he was quite ready to be jealous of this youth, who such a very short time ago, as it seemed, had been a chubby-cheeked lad in his form.

"Yes, they're all very nice people," continued Lucy. "Oh, look at those children! How dangerous for them to play right at the edge of the water like that!"

They were passing by Cleopatra's Needle, where, according to their wont on fine Sunday afternoons, small boys and girls were playing about on the steps that lead down right and left of it to the river. Just as Stubbs and the Crawfords got up to the place, a very small and incautious youth had climbed on to the low parapet on the river side of the steps; he was standing there full of pride at his daring, when he was startled by the loud cry: "'Arry, you come down h'at once!" uttered by an elder sister, who had been gossiping with her fellows, and had just espied him. He turned suddenly in conscious guilt, lost his balance and fell into the water.

There was a general scream. In a moment Stubbs had run down the steps. The tide was coming in slowly, so that the boy had fortunately not been carried far away, and before he had time to sink Stubbs had plunged after him and caught him by the arm; a couple of strokes brought him back safely to the landing-steps.

A throng had collected round the place, and cheered Stubbs as he came squishing up the steps, and handed the child, still agape with the fright of his sudden immersion, to the sister, enjoining her to run home with him at once.

"Well done, Mr. Stubbs!" cried Lucy, as he came up, though she could not check the smile which his appearance provoked, for his old and trusty top-hat was sailing on the Thames, while the thick Thames water was streaming down his braided coat and clinging trousers.

"'Ad a nice borth, guv'nor?" asked a loafer, who had just joined the circle which had formed round Stubbs and the Crawfords; but the jeerer was promptly suppressed.

"None o' your sorce! 'E's been pullin' a kid out o' the water—that's what 'e's done."

"I'm afraid this sort of thing will hardly do for St. Paul's, Miss Crawford," said Stubbs, looking rather disconsolately at his dripping clothes. "I think I'd better take a cab home at once. It's a great nuisance—but I won't keep you in this crowd. Good-bye. I am afraid my hand is hardly fit to shake!"

Lucy, however, held out her hand, saying: "Good-bye, Mr. Stubbs; it was very brave of you."

"Not at all; there was no danger of anything more than this untimely bath," he replied laughing. "Good-bye," and he stepped into a cab which a friendly policeman had stopped for him, the people crowding round him as he went with that eager curiosity so characteristic of Londoners.

Lucy watched him drive off with mingled feelings of admiration and amusement.

"It was splendid, his presence of mind, wasn't it, Tom?" she said with enthusiasm.

"Yes," said Tom, who had really been much moved, but, like most members of his school, never gave vent to his feelings, "it was awfully decent of him." He added, after a pause, "Fellows say he's jolly strong." Then, as the comic side of the scene came into his mind: "I say, Loo, what a rum 'un

he looked when he came out, didn't he?"

They both laughed merrily at the recollection, but Lucy added: "Well, any one would look funny in wet clothes like that, and I think it was splendid of him. I should like to know him well. I like people who do things like that."

Meanwhile Stubbs was being driven back shivering in his cab, thinking of what had happened. "There's no fool like an old fool," he said to himself, as he remembered the question about Balliol; but he said it with a smile, and his heart went out towards the silly little boy who had fallen in, as he thought: "Anyhow she'll know that I'm not such a fool as I look."

He was greeted by his brother-in-law with shouts of laughter, and had to submit for the rest of the day to a flow of small chaff; for the Major insisted on telling his own version of the story with much chuckling to every one who came in.

Stubbs took it all good-humoredly—it was better to be chaffed than that there should be no reference to Lucy at all; but he had a severe trial the next morning when he found a letter from Mrs. Crawford on his plate at breakfast, for Lucy and Tom had heard the address given to the cabman.

"Dear Mr. Stubbs," she wrote, "I hope you are none the worse for the wetting which you got in your gallant rescue of the child to-day. It would give us very great pleasure if you could come and dine on Tuesday next at 8 P.M.—Yours very truly, Jane Crawford."

It was a great temptation, for he had not to be back at Tonbury till the Thursday evening, and he knew his sister would be delighted to keep him; unfortunately he had spoken to his parents of coming down on the Monday, and he was afraid they might be disappointed. So he had to content

himself with expressing his great regret at being unable to accept the invitation, and mentioning the reason. He would have given pounds to have known how the answer was received. Had he been able to, his anxiety lest his refusal should be misconstrued as due to an unwillingness to come would have been relieved, for the good opinion which Lucy had formed of him was increased by this little incident, though she only felt in a vague way what his inclinations must have been, without having any idea of their strength.

III.

Stubbs returned to Tonbury in a very gloomy frame of mind. He had felt before the difficulty of settling down to work again, but never had the collar seemed so galling, never had teaching seemed so unprofitable and wearisome, the daily round such drudgery—the whole thing so profoundly uninteresting.

"I was a fool to become a schoolmaster," he said to himself. "I might have known that my sympathy with boys would fade away as I got older, and leave me a useless old fogey."

So far was he from realizing the true cause of this depression, that he complained to a friend one evening that he was getting tired of schoolmastering, and didn't feel interested in anything; and was quite startled when he took his pipe out of his mouth and said:

"H'm, I'm afraid you're a bad case, Jack. Who is she?"

Stubbs blushed and protested, and tried to put it off upon his liver; but, in truth, he was rather relieved to find out the real cause of his malady—and that it was the real cause was sufficiently demonstrated by the immense interest which he suddenly began to feel in Tom.

The result was most satisfactory to all parties, not least to Tom.

"How's Crawford doing this term, Stubbs?" inquired his house-master, one day, shortly before the time for half-term report. "Any better?"

"Oh, yes! He's not a clever fellow, you know, and his composition is weak; but he's really working hard this term, I think. I came across his people in the holidays. Do you know them?"

"Yes, I know them pretty well; I was at Balliol with the father. I'm glad the boy's doing better; I always believed in him myself. I hope some of his people are coming down here for Speech Day—you must come in and dine with us when they're here."

Stubbs's delight may be imagined; and the benefits which Tom received may be best estimated by the letter which that young gentleman wrote home soon after this:

"My dear Mother,—I'm awfully glad you and Loo are coming down to stay here. I suppose Billy asked you down for Speech Day, otherwise I expect you'd like it better if you came down some other day, when there's something decent on; Speech Day is most awful rot. I went out to tea with old Buncle again on Thursday with some other fellows; he has been awfully decent to me this term, and he has given me a 'good' for diligence in my half-term's report. You know Dad promised me a bike if I get a good report at the end of the term, and I've been wondering if I could have it now. I'm pretty sure to get another good report at the end of the term, and it would be very jolly to have the bike here now. I've hired one two or three times, when Buncle has taken me and some other fellows out on expeditions; but it's beastly expensive work, and you can't get a decent machine. I see little White has given me a bad report for French; it was because I brought a puppy into his set. Nobody bothers about what he says, so I hope Dad will

go by what Buncle and Billy put—you couldn't do any work for little White.

"By the bye, Buncle asked me if I would bring you and Loo to lunch with him when you came; I said I thought you would like to. I wish he'd said dinner, though, as I might have got off some prep. for him. Could you bring my small battery with you when you come? I left it in the nursery. I hope Dick hasn't got at it. Best love to all.

"Your loving son,

"T. N. Crawford."

Stubbs's heart beat fast within him when the great day came; hours of bliss lay before him, for he would meet Miss Crawford at the Speech Day lunch at the headmaster's; he was going to dine with "Billy Martin" to meet them, and they were coming to lunch with him on the next day. But the bliss was not by any means unalloyed; in the first place, on the Monday that he left town, rightly judging that his tall-coat would be none the better for its immersion, he had gone to the tailor, and there, having in his mind the view of future meetings in London with the Crawfords, he had let himself be persuaded by a glib shopman into being measured for a gray frock coat and trousers. The suit had proved a great success, but it was so smart that Stubbs had never yet ventured to wear it in Tonbury, fearing the sensation that it might produce, and Sundays had still seen the old tail-coat, which had shrunk, and was more shabby than ever. Stubbs, therefore, was now placed on the horns of a dilemma; he could not appear on such a grand occasion, before Miss Crawford, looking so shabby; but on the other hand, he was very shy of the frock coat, for he was sensitively anxious not to "give himself away" before his colleagues, especially the suspicious individual who had probed his wound, and who

unfortunately acted as introducer on these occasions.

Besides all this, he was keenly anxious to secure the privilege of taking Miss Crawford in to luncheon. This was not very difficult, for the assembly gathered in the headmaster's garden, where all, except the notabilities, sorted themselves as they liked best, with what help they could procure from two or three embarrassed masters, who acted as stewards, and tried with variable success to pair off the big wigs according to the program. But, again, it had to be done with care, because of the lynx-eyed colleague, and there was the further anxiety lest, in the absence of another, politeness might compel him to offer his arm to Mrs. Crawford.

All these considerations so disturbed the poor man's mind that he had the greatest difficulty in keeping his attention fixed during school, and he gave marks so freely and let his form go so early, that the general opinion was that "old Buncle must have got 'flu' or something."

On the way home he met the colleague we have mentioned, Sanders by name.

"Doing the lunch to-day, Stubbs?" said he.

"Yes," replied Stubbs, "I think so; I cut it last year, so I suppose I ought to put in an appearance this time."

"Any lady you'd like me to introduce you to?"

"No, thanks, I'll take my chance; 'tis better to endure those ills we have,' etc."

"That's just the advice I should give you; but you young Romeos are all the same! Well, well, I must trot."

After spending an hour in vain attempts to look over some papers, Stubbs went up to dress for the function. The scale had turned in his mind in favor of the frock coat, for he had reflected that his gown would shade

its brilliancy; but when it was on, and he looked himself down bit by bit in his small looking-glass, his courage failed, and he would have changed his mind had it not been too late; for it was already a quarter to one—the time fixed for lunch—and if he were late Miss Crawford might be already partnered. The thought spurred him to haste; he hurried down into his room to get cap and gown, and found a friend waiting for him.

"My goodness, Stubbs," he cried with a shout of laughter, as the latter came in, "what gorgeous war-paint! Piccadilly isn't in it! How long has this splendor been blushing unseen in your wardrobe?"

"Well," replied Stubbs, "I had to get a coat of some sort, and I thought I'd try a 'frock' this time. Are you coming down? We ought to be going."

"All right, if you like, but there's no hurry. I wish I were clad more worthily of your splendor, but I shall do as a foil. Won't it be hot? What a way to spend a grand summer day like this!"

"Yes, I do hate these functions," replied Stubbs; and as a general proposition this was true enough.

Fortune favors the brave, and Stubbs was soon rewarded for the valor of his choice as regards his clothes, for just as he reached the corner of the road leading up to Mr. Martin's house, who should appear coming down the road but that gentleman and his wife, escorting the Crawfords.

"Hullo, there are some people I know with Billy Martin," he said, vainly endeavoring to master his excitement. "I think I ought to go and say how d'ye do," and he marched off abruptly. His companion turned to look, and seeing that the people in question included a very pretty girl, evidently a sister of young Crawford, with whom she was walking, he murmured to himself: "Just so! *ἔπος ἀνίκαιε μάχαν*" and

walked slowly on, pondering many things.

Lucy did indeed look charming in a pretty white dress and hat trimmed with green which set off to perfection her dark hair and fresh complexion, and Tom's morbid anxiety as to how she would look had given place to a feeling of proud satisfaction.

"I say, Loo," he whispered, as Stubbs came up, "just look how old Buncle's got himself up. What awful sport!"

Lucy, however, was not sufficiently familiar with Stubbs's ordinary costume to be struck with the humor of the metamorphosis, and Stubbs had his reward, for his new clothes really suited him very well, and made him look quite a young man.

He was cordially greeted, and soon afterwards his mind was set at ease on the great question of the minute, by Mrs. Martin saying to him: "Will you take Miss Crawford in, Mr. Stubbs? My husband is going to take in Mrs. Crawford, and I expect Mr. Sanders has got somebody for me."

Stubbs replied that he would be delighted to have the honor; and it is to be hoped that the truth of that statement counted against the falsity of others that he had made that morning.

So they went on into the headmaster's garden, leaving Tom at the gate, more convinced than ever that "Speech Day was a beastly day for one's people to come down on," but buoyed up by the thought that he had extracted a promise that they would go down to Goble's after the speeches and give him tea there, instead of returning to the headmaster's garden.

While Tom thought of the future, Stubbs was wholly engrossed in the present. He saw Sanders's amused glance rest upon him as he came into the garden, and he heard him whisper as he went by, "Your notion of taking your chance wasn't half a bad idea." But he was lifted above such small

considerations now that the wished-for time had come, and he smiled in reply without the vestige of a blush, and felt as much at ease as if he had worn a frock coat all his life. In short, he was what Tom would have called "thoroughly on the spot," and Lucy found him most excellent company. He had travelled a good deal, and liked what he liked without reference to Baedeker, so that his opinions, even when they clashed with hers, had a freshness about them which engaged her interest. She, too, had been abroad once or twice, and, being a clever girl, had made the most of the opportunities which living in London had given her; consequently the conversation never flagged. They talked of pictures, and places, and incidents of travel with the never-failing interest which attaches to the interchange of ideas with new people. Stubbs's admiration knew no bounds; the dullest commonplaces from such a source would have pleased him; but to find that they had so many tastes in common, so much of mutual interest to ask and tell, gave an additional zest to his delight, and never had any meal seemed so short and so pleasant as this Speech Day lunch, which usually caused him such *ennui*. Even the unobservant Mrs. Crawford noticed that they seemed to be getting on well together, while Sanders was lost in astonishment at the transformation of his friend; indeed, had not he noticed that Stubbs's tie was beginning to surmount the collar in a manner which only Stubb's tie was capable of, he would hardly have believed that this was the same man who commonly sat on such occasions with a set "company" smile, the picture of bored politeness.

Lucy, entirely unconscious of the ideas in the minds of those around her, was pleased to find that her companion, who had been placed high in her estimation by his conduct on the eventful

Sunday in April, was so interesting. She felt, too, that she pleased him, and as there is nothing so pleasing as the sense of giving pleasure, she enjoyed herself thoroughly, and excited Tom's astonishment, when he met them at the door of Big School after the speeches, by declaring that she thought they were great fun.

The afternoon had been a great success, but in the evening poor Stubbs's fortune failed him. The Martins had taken the opportunity to give a large dinner-party, and his seniority assigned him to an older lady, while a sprightly and more juvenile colleague took in Miss Crawford. If lunch had never seemed so short, never had dinner seemed so long, as he sat consumed with jealous annoyance, and saw Miss Crawford laughing and talking with her neighbor, so near and yet so far. Meanwhile his own neighbor, who was connected with the school, having unsuccessfully plied him with platitudes on many subjects, took refuge in conversation about boys with whom they were mutually acquainted, till poor Stubbs, who hated nothing more than talking school "shop" with ladies, could have howled with vexation.

But all trials come to an end at last, and he managed to conceal his feelings even when his young colleague remarked to him quite innocently, as they went into the drawing-room: "What a jolly girl that Miss Crawford is; I haven't had such luck at a dinner-party for ages."

Stubbs was on fire with jealousy. He felt a vicious satisfaction when this same young man was asked to sing, and gave them "I'll sing thee songs of Araby" with so much more goodwill than skill, so loud in fact, and so out of tune, that Stubbs felt that it must break the spell, which his anxious heart imagined to be cast over the object of his affection by every personable man she met.

Dinner-parties at Tonbury always dissolved at an early hour, for all guests who knew anything about school routine, were well aware that their host would have to be up early, and would probably have plenty to do before he went to bed; nor were they, as a rule, such fascinating entertainments as to make this custom in any way regrettable. On this occasion, however, it was very hard on poor Stubbs, who found himself compelled to follow the stream of departing guests without having had a single opportunity in the whole of that most tantalizing evening of talking to Miss Crawford. He had, however, one crumb of comfort, in that he was able to remind Mrs. Crawford that they were coming to lunch with him on the next day.

"I didn't understand that you were going to lunch with Mr. Stubbs to-morrow," said Mrs. Martin, when the last guest had gone. "This is indeed an honor."

"Why so particularly?" asked Lucy, laughing, "is it an innovation in Tonbury?"

"Oh, for most people it would be an ordinary thing; but I assure you for Mr. Stubbs it is quite a new departure; few indeed are the women who have passed the threshold of his sanctuary."

"Oh, dear! I hope we shall behave ourselves properly. Mother, dear, do you realize what is demanded of you?"

"I think Mr. Stubbs is an excellent young man," replied Mrs. Crawford inconsequently. "He has been most kind to dear Tom."

"And as Tom's kindred he delights to honor us," said Lucy. "We shall have to be careful or Tom will be getting proud."

She spoke laughing, but she was by no means insensible to the gratification which every woman feels at being singled out by one supposed to be indifferent to the sex; and for the first time

the truth of the matter began to dawn upon her mind, though she did not pursue the thought to its logical conclusion.

Stubbs passed a feverish night. He was worried by the question whether he ought to ask in any one else to meet the Crawfords; it seemed more the thing in a way; but, on the other hand, if there was no one else he would feel so much more at ease; besides, it would make him feel more like a family friend. These considerations carried so much weight that he finally determined not to call in a certain spy, a possible rival.

He released his form from the last morning lesson on the stroke of the clock, and hurried home to avoid being detained by any friend. Safely arrived he went quickly round to see that everything was ready. The domestic who looked after his establishment had risen to the occasion; in his study all papers had been tidied away with a thoroughness which at any other time would have thrown him into a frenzy, and the table in the little dining-room was adorned with a large blue vase into which had been thrust a mass of pinks. "Where on earth did she get that vase from?" he said to himself in horror; but there was no time to find out, so he contented himself with putting it on the sideboard, and went to take up his position at his study window, where he could see down the road without being seen. The first person he noticed coming up the road was Sanders in cap and gown.

"I hope he isn't coming to see me," he thought to himself, for some forty yards behind him on the road there appeared the Crawfords, escorted by Tom.

To his great annoyance Sanders turned in at the gate, and ran upstairs into the room. Stubbs just had time to sit down in an arm-chair and snatch up the daily paper; he didn't somehow

like to be seen looking out of the window, and felt as though he had been caught stealing something.

"Come for a bicycle ride this afternoon, Tubby?" said Sanders. "There's nothing particular on, and I want a good stretch after Speech Day."

"No; I don't think I will to-day. There's something wrong with my pedal, and it's rather uncomfortable."

"Borrow Sam's, then—I know he won't want it; you must have some exercise after your day out yesterday!"

"No; I don't think I will. I don't know what time I could get away—I've got some people coming to lunch," said poor Stubbs, trying hard to seem unconscious.

At this moment the door-bell rang.

"Oh-ho," said Sanders, "I see I'm *de trop*. Ta-ta." And he went down the stairs as the Crawfords came up.

Stubbs felt fluttered and annoyed, but he recovered himself when his guests came in.

"How do you do, Mrs. Crawford?" he said. "It's awfully good of you to come."

"Not at all, Mr. Stubbs; I wanted very much to have an opportunity of talking to you about Tom. What a pretty room you have got!" she continued; "and what nice china. Lucy, dear, isn't this a charming room?"

"Yes, delightful. My mother is devoted to old china, Mr. Stubbs," she went on, turning to him. "You must take care or she will run off with your best pieces."

"Oh, I'm afraid I haven't got much to tempt the collector. I'm very ignorant about it, only I'm very fond of picking up odd bits here and there as I go about. This is rather a curious cup and saucer that I got at a little shop near my home; perhaps you can tell me what it is, Mrs. Crawford?"

Mrs. Crawford examined and admired the pieces but professed herself unable to give any account of them;

she handed them to Lucy to look at. The latter unfortunately took the cup by the handle, not noticing that it had been mended, and as she turned it over to look at the bottom the handle came off and the cup fell to the ground and was broken.

"Oh dear, I'm so sorry, Mr. Stubbs," she cried, kneeling down to pick up the pieces. "How very stupid of me!"

"Please don't bother about it, Miss Crawford," he replied. "It's of no consequence, I assure you; the handle must have been loose, and I should have broken it myself soon; it really doesn't matter."

"But I'm afraid it *does* matter," replied poor Lucy in great distress, "breaking your favorite piece of china; you must let me take the pieces to Wanham's in Bond Street to be put together. It's the only reparation I can make for my stupidity."

"I couldn't think of letting you bother yourself about it—I'm sure I can manage it."

Lucy, however, being backed up by her mother, insisted, greatly to Stubbs's secret pleasure; and the fragments were carefully done up in a little box.

There were very few people with whom Stubbs would not have felt annoyed for breaking his cup, of which he was particularly proud. Lucy, however, might have trampled on all his household gods without giving him anything but pleasure; consequently, instead of experiencing any vexation, he only felt glad at the opportunity of showing his magnanimity, and the lunch passed off very pleasantly. Moreover, a pleasant surprise was in store for him; the talk had turned on the difficulty of finding places for the summer holidays which would suit all tastes. Mrs. Crawford said that they were going down again to a house near Tavistock, a previous visit to the neighborhood having proved a great success.

"You see, we're all content down there," said Lucy. "My father plays golf all day long, mother drives about to see old friends, and Tom spends his time trying to entice fish to let themselves be caught."

"I caught a lot last year, sir," broke in Tom, "only they were rather small, most of them."

"And what do you do yourself, Miss Crawford?" asked Stubbs.

"I? Oh, I take a paint-box and try to sketch. It's a great waste of paper, but I enjoy it."

"Lucy, dear, you sketch very nicely," said Mrs. Crawford. "My old home was close to Tavistock, Mr. Stubbs. Do you know that part?"

"Yes, fairly well. I'm very fond of Dartmoor; in fact, I am going to do some walking down there this summer," he added, as a happy inspiration seized him.

"Are you really? Then I hope you'll come round by Tavistock and see us; we should be so pleased if you could."

"Yes, do come, sir," said Tom. "I can show you some capital places if you care for fishing."

"I'm afraid I'm no fisherman; but I should like to come, of all things," replied Stubbs.

"I warn you that you will have no peace from my father and Tom," said Lucy, "till you have been converted either to golf or fishing. I led a terrible life till they both gave me up in despair."

"You couldn't expect a girl to care about fishing," murmured Tom.

"Mr. Stubbs shall do just what he likes," said Mrs. Crawford. "You must write and fix a day," she continued. "We shall be there till the middle of September."

So Stubbs had this pleasant prospect to buoy him up when the Crawfords had gone back to town by an afternoon train, and he was left a prey to the reaction following on the excitement

of the last two days. As the means of attaining his object came more and more to hand the hope of ultimate success seemed to dwindle, and what had appeared possible when all was in the air grew quite absurd now that some of his airy schemes were crystallizing into fact. Twist things how he might, the stern fact that he was a plain-looking man, twenty years older than she was, seemed to lay an icy hand on his budding hopes, and many a time did he vainly wish that he were younger and more handsome. But if the irrevocable years had laid their hand on his person, his feelings glowed with all the ardor of youth and he was afflicted with all the symptoms of young love. Ah! if Sanders had but seen him wrapped in reverie while he traced the magic initials "L. C." on sheets of paper, or wrote with trembling hand "Lucy Crawford," and then with beating heart substituted the magic word "Stubbs" for "Crawford;" if he had found some of those labored lyrics, wherein he passionately asked why Spring should heed the broken heart of Winter; then indeed would Tonbury have enjoyed a fresh spring of amusement which would have vied with the perennial stream of examination mistakes. But Stubbs kept a smiling face to his friends and endured the inevitable chaff after Speech Day with such nonchalance that it soon died away, and no one guessed the rapture with which he greeted a certain letter which arrived one morning with a small parcel. The parcel contained the mended tea-cup, the letter a few lines from Lucy to hope that it would arrive safely, and that he would forget her clumsiness in breaking it. It was an ordinary little note, but it afforded Stubbs the most intense pleasure, and he read it over and over again till every word was engraved on his memory.

His answer caused him much anxious thought, for he was torn by the

desire of expressing his feelings, while at the same time he was afraid of making himself ludicrous by overstepping the mark. It seemed easier on the whole to deliver a compliment in verse, and at last he managed to get something that he thought would do. It ran as follows:

"Dear Miss Crawford:—

"My little cup, if it can boast
Of any worth at all,
Unlike our great progenitors,
Has gained it by its fall.

"I used to prize it just because
I did not know its maker;
Mended, it now recalls to me
The kindness of its breaker.

"And sooner now than I should break
This very precious token,
I'd wish that every single piece
That I possess were broken.

"Yours very truly,
"R. J. Stubbs."

A veracious chronicler must record the facts that he kissed the letter before he posted it, and that he kept with the letter he had received a copy of his reply with a fourth verse added:

"Would that the hand that mended it
With such consummate art
Would deign to use its healing power
Upon my broken heart!"

He forgot that the hand that mended the cup lived in a shop in Bond Street!

IV.

A few weeks later found Stubbs staying near Tavistock with the Crawfords. It was a period of painful pleasure to him; he saw a great deal of Lucy, for he had wisely taken up fishing in preference to golf, much as he

disliked both, and Lucy would often start out with him and Tom, and spend her day sketching while they fished. Stubbs rarely caught anything, and it was very tantalizing that appearances should compel him to feign an interest in the sport; but at any rate it led to seeing Lucy a good deal, for on fine days the three would have their lunch together by the stream, and walk home together in the evening. Lucy was as charming and pleasant as ever, but poor Stubbs could not get a notion as to whether she understood the state of his mind; and he shrank from destroying by some rash word the airy castles which were everything to him.

Tom was delighted at having apparently converted him to his favorite pursuit.

"It's awful sport, Buncle being so keen on fishing," he said to Lucy one day. "I wish he could catch more, only he's so beastly clumsy."

"I wish you wouldn't call him by that horrid name, Tom," she replied.

"What! not call him Buncle? What-ever else could one call him?"

"I suppose it wouldn't be impossible to call him by his proper name, instead of that vulgar nickname."

"What a rum 'un you are, Loo; why, every one calls him Buncle!" And Tom was left to ponder on yet another instance of the incomprehensibility of girls.

It was a splendid August day, far too fine for any chance of catching fish. Stubbs, however, had professed himself very anxious to try his luck, and he and Lucy and Tom had driven to the bottom of a valley some three miles off. It was a beautiful coombe, where, between steep sides covered with gorse, the stream rushed down among delicious pools and cascades.

Lucy had taken up her sketching position by some rocks close to the stream, and Stubbs and Tom had begun to fish. They had been occupied

thus for about an hour, when Stubbs put down his rod and made his way to where Lucy was sketching.

"I hope your sketching has begun more prosperously than my fishing, Miss Crawford," he said, as he approached.

"Then I'm afraid we are both unsuccessful this morning," she replied. "I can't get anything to look right. Have you given up your task in despair? I thought you were so anxious to fish!"

"I wasn't, really," he replied. "Only I enjoy these little expeditions so much that I'm afraid I pretended to be!"

There was a pause; she went on sketching without looking at him.

"How has Tom been getting on?" she said, after a moment. "Has he caught anything?"

"I don't know; I shouldn't think so—it's so sunny."

"Yes, it's a glorious day for anything but fishing," she said. "How jolly it would be to have a cottage up here."

"Yes; wouldn't it? Your mother has asked me to stay till Monday," he continued inconsequently; "but I don't know if I ought."

"I'm afraid you've soon got tired of fishing," said Lucy nervously.

"No, it isn't that, Miss Crawford."

There was another pause. She was dashing in a thick wash of green over the whole sketch, without regard to land or sky; but Stubbs didn't notice that; his eyes were fixed on her face, and he heard his heart thumping like a hammer.

"I'm afraid that if I don't go away I might make a fool of myself," he murmured at last. There was no answer, but she lifted her eyes towards him for a minute.

"Lucy," he cried, starting forward as their eyes met. "Is it possible?"

"Of course it is!" she whispered, dropping the murdered sketch, and holding out her hands to him.

An hour later Tom appeared on the scene.

"Hullo," he cried, "have you started lunch already? Have you caught anything, sir?"

"Yes," replied Stubbs, laughing, and looking at Lucy, "beyond my wildest hopes."

"Really, sir—where are they? Any of them big?"

"No; I've not caught any fish, Tom. I shall hang up my rod now as a votive offering."

"What *do* you mean, sir?"

"I mean that your sister has prom-

The Leisure Hour.

ised to marry me. Won't you congratulate me?"

Tom stopped a moment in amazement, uttered a loud whoop, and rushed to embrace his sister. A few minutes afterwards, reckless of lunch, he was tearing back home to tell the exciting tidings.

"He's an awfully decent sort when you get to know him," he said to himself, as he went. "But just fancy Loo falling in love with him! What rum 'uns girls are! I wonder what the fellows will think!"

H. C. Bradby.

THE PASSING OF THE CENTURY.

I.

How shall we comfort the Dying Year?
 Beg him to linger, or bid him go?
 The light in his eyes burns dim and low,
 His hands are clammy, his pulse beats slow,
 He wanders and mumbles, but doth not hear.
 The lanes are sodden, the leaf-drifts sere,
 And the wrack is weaving his shroud of white.
 Do you not see he is weary quite
 Of the languor of living, and longs for night?
 Lo! He is gone! Now lower him down
 In the snug-warm earth, 'neath the clods of brown,
 And the buds of the winter aconite.

II.

How shall we part with the bygone Year?
 Cover with cypress, or wreath with bay?
 He will not heed what you do or say,
 He is deaf to to-morrow as yesterday.
 Why do you linger about his bier?
 He has gone to the Ghostland, he is not here.
 We may go on our way, we can live and laugh,
 Round the banqueting blaze can feast and quaff.
 The purple catafalque, stately staff,
 The dirges of sorrow, the songs of praise,
 And the costliest monument man can raise,
 Are but for the Spirit's cenotaph.

III.

Dust unto dust, He is dead, though he
Was the last of the centuried years that flow,
We know not wherefore, we never shall know,
With the tide unebbing of Time, and go
To the phantom shore of Eternity.
Shadows to shadows, they flit and flee
Across the face of the flaming sun,
The vague generations, one by one,
That never are ended, never begun.
Where is the dome or the vault so vast,
As to coffin the bones of the perished Past,
Save the limitless tomb of Oblivion?

IV.

What tale would he tell, could the dead but speak?
"I was born, as I died, amid wrath and smoke,
When the war-wains rolled, and the cannons spoke,
When the vulture's cry and the raven's croak
Flapped hungrily over the dying shriek,
And nothing was seen but a blood-red streak
Betwixt lowering sky and leaden main;
When slanted and slashed the rifles' rain
Upon furrows whose harvest were sheaves of slain;
When the levin's glare by the thunder's crash
Was bellowed, and ever twixt flash and flash
The howl of the unspent hurricane."

V.

But the dead discourse with the dead. So ask
How best now to welcome the new-born Year.
She is coming, is coming, and lo! is here,
With forehead and footstep that know not fear.
She will shrink from no pleasure, evade no task,
But there never was worn or veil or mask
Like her frank fair face and her candid soul.
Do you fathom her thoughts, can you guess her goal
Her waywardness chasten, her fate control?
She will wend with her doom, and that doom be ours;
So greet her with carol and snow-white flowers,
And crown her with Hope's own aureole.

VI.

Yet mind her dawn of the dark, for she,
She too must pass 'neath the lych-gate porch;

And give to her keeping the vestal Torch,
 That may oft-time smoulder, and sometimes scorch,
 But rebrightens and burns eternally:
 The beacon on land and the star at sea,
 When the night is murk, and the mist is dense,
 To guide us Whither, remind us Whence,
 The Soul's own lamp through the shades of sense.
 She must tread the Unknown the dead year trod;
 Though rugged the road, yet the goal is God,
 And the will of all-wise Omnipotence.

The London Times.

Alfred Austin.

CONCERNING FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

A friend of mine, an Englishman, who knows and likes France, was once making a stay in Paris. Tired of hearing the chaffing "Aoh yes! English spoken," called after him by the street boys, he went home to his rooms, planted himself before the looking-glass, and examined his appearance carefully and impartially. He was of moderate height, well-formed, with a brown complexion and very black hair; his dark eyes shone beneath the shadow of his eyebrows, his nose slightly aquiline, overhung a finely-drawn mouth with small teeth, his chin was that of a Roman bust. There was nothing English about him. An observer in choosing a fatherland for this type of face would have pitched upon Spain. Crowned with a large sombrero, his might have been the head of an intelligent picador. People don't shout "Aoh yes!" at picadors. What was it that betrayed the Englishman?

The answer was soon found. A thick heather-colored suit, strong boots and a hat from Piccadilly, these were clear signs of the Islander. My friend did not hesitate a moment; he went and got himself a new costume, Parisian to the last detail.

Next day, when he put on his new

clothes, he could not help smiling to think how his Cambridge chums would look with amazement when he appeared in Parisian disguise. The transformation was complete. He would not have known himself again. He lit a "Caporal" cigarette and went down into the street with the ease of a man who has nothing about him to attract attention. He had not gone a hundred steps before his illusions were dispelled by an "Aoh yes!" hurled at him as he passed by a printer's lad. The tiresome chaff began again; not quite so frequent as before, but still inevitable. As he came near to my apartment a laundry girl, with a basket of linen on her arm, saluted him with a laughing "Good morning."

I looked him carefully over when he told me of his misfortune. He was sitting in an arm-chair joking at the impossibility of preserving his incognito. Nothing but his speech indicated the Englishman. I was curious to see the experiment for myself, and asked him to go out with me. But we did not go farther than the corridor. Before we reached the door I had found it out. Experiment was needless; he was obviously, strikingly English; that was clear from his very first movement. It

was not his face, it was not his dress; it was himself—his attitude towards the things around him, his attitude to life. That struck me at once. It was not easy to define; slight trifles—the set of the elbows, the solid *torso*, rigid from the hips, the stiffness of the shoulders, the carriage of the head on the neck, the decisive way of walking, as if the walk were a serious function to be performed in a given time; the street boys were not deceived. To have rowed for one's college—that leaves an indelible mark.

There are plenty of English people, however, who would not be recognized in a French street. Many are discovered only by their speech. Some have told me that they had always been taken for Frenchmen. Curiously enough they were not those who spoke the language best. There have been some who informed me—with a frightful accent—that whenever they were heard to speak they were taken for real French of France—from the south of France, maybe; not far from Tarascon?

What is interesting in the story of my Cambridge friend is that the street boys were able to recognize him as an Englishman by points which they must have discovered in other Englishmen, who bore only the slightest resemblance to him.

Let us put aside the Englishman as he is represented at the circus or the theatre, and take the *English* who may be seen in troops in the streets and museums of Paris. It seems sometimes as if Cook's Tours must be managed by a powerful humorist, who sets out to mystify the continentals by showing them for English people a set of stage types, selected by some wild but consistent caprice. The collections exhibited in big omnibuses or in the galleries and museums could never be met with in any town in Great Britain. Such types cannot be taken to repre-

sent a nation. And yet it is these figures who stand with the Parisian public for *les English*; and it is probably on account of some resemblance to them that our street boy recognized the Cambridge Fellow.

From this point to starting a theory as to the indelibility of race is but one step—but it is a step which I am firmly resolved not to take. To seek for some ethnical unity in order to account for an exclamation which would apply equally well to a Canadian, an Australian (frequently to an American), or to any product of the complicated mixture of races composing the general mass of the citizens of the United Kingdom, would be a special form of folly. Some day, perhaps, a theorizer will describe for us the characteristics of the "Imperial race." Meantime one may be permitted to smile. When the conditions of life, education and religion offer a sufficient explanation, there is no need to complicate the hypotheses.

It remains clear that to the eyes of Parisians in general there exists a being who is the Englishman. They can only define this being very briefly, but they know how to recognize him in real life. And yet the characteristics which we might try to assign to this entity would probably prove incorrect whenever we tried to find them in any particular individual. When we begin to deal with the mysterious characteristics of nations we meet with obscure matters of heredity, confused impressions, and ill-defined feelings, which are disconcerting in that they are false in the details though they possess a certain truth in the whole. The problem of nationality is one of the most dangerous of questions. Nothing can be more unsafe than to attempt to arrive at any certain conclusion in discussing a nation as a whole—unless it be to discuss two nations. To attack such a subject, addressing readers who

are not one's own countrymen, would require either an authority which I do not possess, or an incompetence which I now lack.

* * * * *

If we had been able to examine the boy who apostrophized my friend, and he had been in the mood to reply, this is the conversation which would probably have taken place: "Why do you shout 'Aoh yes!' after this gentleman?" "Pourquoi? C'est pas un English. C'est peut-être un Americain?"¹ "No, he is an Englishman. But why do you shout like that after him?" "Mals, parce-qu'il est English."² "What have the English done to you?" "Moi? Rien. Les Anglais? Oh, la la! Ils ont de bonnes billes. . . . Et puis je m'en fiche. Les English, il n'en faut plus! . . . Ils se sont fait flanquer des piles par les Boers. Ils ne l'ont pas volé. Aoh yes!"³ If we pressed our questions a little further we should probably end by eliciting the statement that the English burned Joan of Arc, and that they are hypocrites who come to enjoy themselves in Paris. In reality it gives the Parisian just the opportunity he wants for the exercise of his humor. The Nationalist Press has certainly succeeded lately in making the chaff more hostile; but it will often turn out (for the street Arabs of Paris are people of much experience) that the fellow you are talking to has had some dealings with English people who were nice enough, "de bons types après tout."⁴ The Parisian greets with a laugh any object that he remembers having seen occasionally; the giraffe in the Jardin des Plantes, the members of the Institute in uniform, the English, etc. If we tried to probe further into his sentiments we should sim-

ply drive him into an exhibition of absolute ignorance, an ignorance which we shall find among all classes of the nation with regard to the neighbor nation across the water, an ignorance abounding in ready-made statements—always prepared to pronounce judgment rather than to think. The Frenchman's ignorance of the English can only be compared with the Englishman's ignorance of the French.

* * * * *

It is quite natural that a confession of ignorance should be the final result when a Frenchman is pressed as to what he thinks of the English. But more frequently the man we are examining, having had some instruction, will say that he dislikes the English as a nation, even if he likes them individually. The time will come, perhaps, when there will no longer be a good reason for such an answer. But at this moment it is only too significant. The teaching of history, as it is given in all the schools of Europe, is the glorification of one's own country in opposition to other countries. The history we teach our children is the history of wars. Certainly, war-history has so far been part of the history of humanity. But to make children study, from a "patriotic" point of view, the quarrels of the past seems to me to be the surest way of causing strife amongst men in the future. The education given to school children about foreign countries is very like the tales which Corsican mothers tell their children about the families with whom they have a vendetta to settle.

We must hope that the day will come when such stories will be archaeological curiosities, and when we shall leave off compiling reasons for mutual

¹ "Why? Isn't he an Englishman? Perhaps, then, he is an American?"

² "Well, because he is English."

³ "To me? Nothing! The English? Oh, my! They're a rummy lot. Besides, I don't care

about them. We don't want any more English. They've caught it hot from the Boers. Serves them right! Aoh, yes!"

⁴ A good sort after all.

hatred as the breviary of younger generations. Then national morality will cease to be in constant conflict with morality, and what is crime for the individual will no longer be thought glorious for a nation. At this moment, when public opinion is beginning to take cognizance of questions of national morality, and when each country is making great efforts to make manifest the duties of the others, susceptibilities are particularly awake. Advice, however disinterested, given to nations engaged in war, has very little chance of being attended to. It is amazing to consider what things some of our contemporaries take to be grounds for self-glorification.

The present crisis in England seems to have been brought on by systematic preparation. National passion bursts forth more violently than anywhere else amongst men whose nature it is slowly to become excited about an idea, but about only one idea at a time, which ends by dominating them entirely. Those who have drawn England into war-like ideas have incurred a heavy responsibility in the eyes of the people who have considered Great Britain as the country *par excellence* of liberty. When a country sets itself to produce soldiers, no one can tell how many men it is contriving to lose. In each one of us at bottom lie dormant the germs of ancestral savagery, which may easily be awakened; this awakening is called military education. But once we come to "real soldiers"—soldiers accustomed to war and to whom war is their *raison d'être*—it is less easy to turn them aside into paths of peace. It is the eternal story of the sorcerer's apprentice in the German ballad: "Die Geister die ich rief, die werd ich nicht mehr los."⁵ We are watching to-day a spectacle foreseen for some years: the

"*Appel au Soldat*" in England. This call makes the country in which it sounds loudly enough deaf to every other voice, and more than that, it necessarily spreads by contagion from one people to another. France is far from being without reproach, but we French sincerely deplore the new tendencies in England. In this respect the two peoples have no longer any cause for mutual envy, and if we are the first to blush at certain French publications it is to be desired that the English youth may be provided with other ideals than that of seeing well-drilled men "let loose on the south side of Europe, with a sufficiency of Sikhs and a reasonable prospect of loot."⁶ It would be a dangerous mistake if we proposed to solve the apparent contradiction between human and national morality, and to suppress the problem which is beginning to occupy the civilized conscience, by a systematic and wilful return to barbarism. It is to barbarism—*via* militarism—that a certain section of the press is tending, whether consciously or no, on both sides of the Channel.

Certain men have found out the facility afforded by the press for working up public opinion—just as certain wines are manipulated. Deceived or deceivers by half-understood scientific theories, urged by personal ambition, seeking the rapid popularity of those who know how to flatter our immediate instincts and to exalt our faults into national virtues, certain persons have given themselves out to be mouth-pieces of their country. For a sou or a penny we can all buy daily the assurance that fundamental antagonism, irreducible differences of aspiration, and "race hatred" will oblige us sooner or later to hurl ourselves against our "hereditary enemy." The strongest instincts of humanity, the highest rea-

⁵ "The spirits I have called up I am unable to get rid of."

⁶ Rudyard Kipling. "Stalky and Co.," p. 271.

sons of justice, divine and human, drive the two peoples in diametrically opposite directions. Peace among the nations is a Utopian chimera, etc. The tactics are very simple; in order to prove that peace does not exist, they create war.

* * * * *

These words of discord and hatred are printed by the million and distributed both in towns and in country districts with all the improved means of communication that we have at our disposal. This daily dose of poison, regularly absorbed, does a great deal of harm—perhaps not so much as one would at first be inclined to think. The excess of evil becomes its own antidote. It effects a sort of vaccination against the press. The credulity of the public in country places seems to have its limits, and, once suspicion is aroused, it is not forgotten again. The countryman who for more than a year has read in his paper that war must break out in a few weeks ends by doubting it. Through constant reading, his faith in printed matter disappears. He still buys the paper; he is unconsciously subjected to a certain malign influence of distrust and anxiety, but the sanguinary prophecies trouble the reader less and less. He derives an unwholesome pleasure from them, but does not allow himself to be so easily stirred. The journalistic profession appears to him—just what it is among a certain section. Soon we shall hear in the country what I have already heard in the streets of Paris; a workman wanting to buy a half-penny paper, was asked by the saleswoman which one he would have, and replied: "*Cela m'est égal, donnez moi pour un sou de blaques.*"⁷ We may congratulate ourselves on this growing distrust on the part of the public; however regrettable

it may appear in some respects, it is for the moment very salutary.

Let us consider how the French peasant stands with regard to his sentiments towards England. Lest we should be charged with optimism we will take as an example a Breton peasant. If there is a country where the tradition of hatred of "the Englishman" as a hereditary enemy still holds, it is in Catholic Brittany. In the eyes of the Breton peasants and fishermen the Englishman is the enemy with whom they have fought battles and will fight them again. That is to say, the Englishman stands for the typical sailor of a man-of-war or torpedo-boat, whom they will fight when the time comes for the attack; but no one thinks of him as a man. The enemy is a unit of war, something outside ordinary life, a being in uniform whom it is glorious to kill. He is "the enemy"—something which will do great mischief to France if one does not take care, something which must be much more terrible and dangerous than they can imagine, since all the men of France lose the best years of their youth in learning to kill this eventual adversary. If ever the peasants come clearly to realize that the only use of war is to kill people like themselves; if ever each soldier becomes capable of imagining what the shock of two armies is, and by what complicated series of lies and intrigues peoples are brought to the point of killing each other, the work of peace congresses will be wonderfully simplified.

The Breton peasant has not reached that point yet; and, like a good soldier or a good sailor, he is ready to march against the English, whom he does not know, and because he does not know them. He has not the least animosity against the actual English people, the living English people, those who in times of peace come to Brittany. How many times have I seen the peasants

⁷ "It is all the same to me, give me a ha'p'orth of humbug."

of the poor fishing villages of the Breton coast receive travellers from across the Channel as if they had been French "strangers"—that is to say, with reserve, but with perfect readiness to enter into sympathetic relations. I remember once acting as interpreter between a farmer of the Côtes-du-Nord and a retired colonel from India. The two men had great difficulty in understanding one another, but they were on exceedingly good terms. When I was left alone with the farmer, he said: "C'a l'air d'un brave homme, ce monsieur. Alors il est Anglais?" "Yes, and an English colonel." "Ah! . . . J'ai vu sa dame et ses enfants sur la plage. Les gens de par ici disent que c'est du très bon monde. . . . Alors c'est un colonel anglais?" I left him to his reflections. The farmer's wife approached me next and asked: "C'était de l'anglais qu'il disait quand il causait avec vous?" "Yes." "Il ne sait pas d'autre langue que cela?" "Probably not." "C'est-y malheureux tout de même d'être comme ça!" And the poor woman tried to picture to herself the misery of a man who could not speak French, the only intelligible language.

All friends of peace soon begin dreaming of the universal language; that beautiful utopia of which linguistic studies have cured us for the present. The best way for an Englishman who knows a little French to learn to know the sentiment of France towards his own country is to travel in France. I do not believe that any honest man who had had this experience could face without horror the suggestion of a war between the two nations. Everywhere the traveller will be surprised to see that the population he deals with is

peaceful, hard-working, ignorant of strangers and unknown to them, but that there is nothing inciting them against "the enemy" except the sinful blindness of the leaders of men.

The reader will have seen that although I am not one of those who try to explain the divergence between the two neighboring nations by differences of race, yet I do not pretend that the only differences between them are those of language and climate. But I have often thought of the surprise which would await us, men of the towns, men of culture, if we could bring together, in conditions in which they would understand one another, the peasants and agricultural laborers of France and England. I have seen in the fields of Surrey and Kent the same tiller of the soil whom I had seen driving the plough in Normandy or in Beauce. The glance of the eye trained to watch the horses, to notice the changes of the weather; the step as he crosses the furrows; the traditional character, slow, careful, a little suspicious, rather keen after money, of the man to whom we owe our daily bread are the same on both sides of the narrow streak of sea.

The same labor, kindred thoughts, similar anxieties—are these, then, the mysterious reasons which must prevent the English and French peasants from being on as good—or as bad—terms with each other as inhabitants of the same country? As long as there is no direct contact the difference of language cannot be a cause of discord; only the religious barrier remains.

I used to know an old peasant woman who in the summer-time did housework for an English clergyman who had come to spend his holidays in Brit-

* "He looks like a nice man, that gentleman. He's an Englishman, then?"

* "Ah. . . I saw his lady and her children on the beach. The folks about here say that they are very good people . . . So he's an English colonel?"

¹⁰ "Was that English he spoke when he was talking to you?" "Yes." "Does he know no other language but that one?" "Probably not." "How unlucky, though, to be like that!"

tany. One Sunday this good woman saw the clergyman gather his family together, preach them a sermon and sing some hymns. The Breton was a good Catholic, but, still more, a good woman. These prayers which she could not understand reminded her of church, and she asked leave to attend them every Sunday when she came home from Mass. She was delighted with the combination and had no idea of her own toleration. She did not realize that the English are inevitably damned, and that the truth—without which there is no salvation—is the property of the Roman Church of France. Neither did she understand that the English words of the hymns to which she devoutly listened were addressed to an English God—the only true God—Whose interests are all English. Each of these two peoples possesses the absolute truth, divine truth, in contradiction to other absolute and divine truth possessed by its neighbor. It may seem difficult to establish harmony—especially when on both sides there is a numerous Establishment of persons whose sole means of existence is the retelling of these opposing truths.

It is by teaching ill-understood abstractions that great international misunderstandings are induced. What has been said of the peasants has been said of the whole body of artisans and of all classes of society in inverse ratio to the quantity of unassimilated abstractions and unjustifiable notions in general harbored by each individual. For this reason a large number of rich or well-off people belonging to the middle-class, persons who consider themselves specially enlightened, but whose education has not been sufficient to bring home to them their own ignorance, men who are quite ready to regard their own views as "public opinion," are found among those who, on the two sides of the Channel, have the

greatest difficulty in coming to a mutual understanding, although it is they who have the best opportunities of meeting.

To a great number of our contemporaries instruction is nothing but the laying in of a stock of abstract notions leading to hasty generalities. Religion, morals, virtue, science, patriotism, are represented by precepts and aphorisms which do away with the necessity of thinking, and which it would be improper to question. These *formulae* are passed from one to another with respect, and enable people to pass their lives free from doubt. They change with the times, but are absolute truths while they last. Patriotic murder or warlike virtue is one of these truths which is doomed to decline. The man who, in former time, would have predicted the union of the various provinces of France would have been considered a Utopian; and the difference was greater then between a native of Calais and a native of Toulouse than it is to-day between a citizen of Havre and a citizen of Southampton. It depends on the peoples to recognize that they must not hate, but that, on the contrary, they will be ready to love as soon as they shall know something more of one another than a few adjectives.

Patriotic hatred is only one of those catchwords by which people are made to march. It is a hollow sentiment, which corresponds to no reality, and which will have to disappear as soon as men shall come to examine it. At the present stage of civilization the two peoples should be advised to endeavor to make one another's acquaintance, and we, for our part, will not fail to say again and again to the English: Come to France and see. Try to bring with you the least possible of prejudices, the fewest preconceived opinions; come neither as enemies nor as fault-finders; you will find friends.

In all classes of society visitor and host will probably gain by knowing each other. The English will find men generally more gay and expansive in France than their own countrymen are, somewhat inclined to mockery at times, but generally without any malice. They will find that people may be ready to enjoy the pleasures of life without being dissolute, that it is not always necessary to be heavy in order to be solid, and that if there are qualities essentially "French" which are not "English" qualities, they are nevertheless qualities worthy of friendship and esteem. They will see how much France has been calumniated, both by others and by herself.

It is not necessary to inform those who have their eyes open that Paris, for example, is not exactly that particular city which is known to that special class of Englishman who has brought upon his countrymen the reputation of being hypocrites who have come to get rid of their virtue. Many misunderstandings will disappear on the day when Englishmen shall come to Paris in large numbers with other objects than merely to visit the "Moulin Rouge" and to see French corruption with their own eyes in establishments of which they form the most permanent *clientèle*. In a great city like Paris there is a fair chance of finding what one has come to look for, and the opinion of Paris formed by many Englishmen would correspond exactly with a Frenchman's opinion of London if he went to the Alhambra and the Empire, and spent his evenings in the neighborhood of Regent Street.

There is no surer means of becoming a friend of peace—that is to say, friendly to our neighbors—than to travel with the idea that *different* does not mean either *worse* or *better*. By considering the profound resemblances and the manifest differences between the two peoples, one comes to like them

both. A French writer of much talent told us recently in the newspapers that he had been living in London for the last thirty years, that he knew English society well, but that he had not a single friend in it. He neglected to mention how many friends he had in France.

To me, who am not in the same position, it is a painful and saddening spectacle to see the way in which so many politicians have sought recently to pervert and embitter the relations between France and England. Their pronouncements, their resounding statements, must be opposed by something more than empty words. I can think of nothing better than to say: "Come, and judge for yourselves." After the Exhibition, during which Paris has been like a house given up to some festivity, come and see the French in their everyday life; send us your young men and let them invite ours to return the visit. It is with the fibres of individual friendship that the cords of national friendship are woven. The most solid stuffs begin as a framework of light threads; if each journey over the Channel should mean that one filament of the web has been hung across, it would soon be beyond the power of any one to tear it.

It is to the young above all that I would address this appeal. Let those who have life before them take advantage of every occasion to find out how their brothers in neighboring countries live. Young men will always be welcome in France. We do not ask them to take home with them our manners and customs, nor to bring us theirs. The young Englishman who by the whole course of his education has been led to suppress his feelings, to weigh the consequences of all his acts, and to give himself away as little as possible, would look somewhat foolish if he tried to become a southerner. But he will have an opportunity of destroying

some French prejudices by his mere presence, and of showing, for example, that the care for good behavior is not simply an affectation, but is as constant as it is generally declared to be in England.

If he is a student (man or woman) he will meet amongst his French comrades with the liveliest desire to enter into relationship and to work together with him. He will find the doors of our Universities wide open to him, he will come across benevolent societies whose sole object is to facilitate arrangements for his material comfort, and help him to profit by his studies. He may even take back to his own country diplomas which have been specially instituted for his benefit, with the sole aim of certifying that he has made good use of the teaching he came to receive.¹¹

The general students' associations connected with all the Universities in France are open to foreigners, and young Englishmen whom I have questioned on this subject have told me that they have preserved the most friendly recollections of their reception in France.

The French families, less visibly organized as "homes" than the English

families, would certainly gain by being better known in England. It is to be hoped that presently some Englishwoman will devote herself to telling her countrywomen of the treasures of affection and kindness which underlie the somewhat timid and shy tenderness of our French mothers.

If the man who crosses the Channel is a trader or an artisan he will find among his French competitors a great desire for instruction, and much goodwill in the effort at mutual understanding.

In a word, the two countries must seek one another's acquaintance. The more they know of each other the less will they be disposed to pass judgment. The less they judge one another the more likely are they to do one another justice. National hatred between two countries like France and England has no longer any *raison d'être*; it is one of those hideous phantoms which vanish away in the light. From both sides of the sea the workmen of tomorrow's task are recognizing and calling to each other, and are beginning to hear one another. They are not alike on all points; but neither are the trees of the forest all the same; their destiny is to become the soil for future forests.

Auguste Bréal.

¹¹ In Paris and in several provincial universities, lectures have been specially inaugurated for foreign students. I have had an opportunity of seeing close at hand, at Grenoble in Dauphine, the hospitable and friendly manner in which the professors and students received their foreign companions. The professors invited them to their homes, and organized (between the courses of lectures) joint excursions into the mountains of the neighborhood. Troops of young students—English, German, Italian, Swedish, Danish, French, fraternized with the masters in a union which has probably been more fruitful in its results than the international congresses of diplomats. In all the universities a similar recep-

tion awaits English students. In Paris, besides the society for befriending foreign students, there are several independent associations, such as L'Alliance Franco-Ecossaise (24, Place Malesherbes), the Cercle des Etudiants Protestants (42, Rue St. Jacques), and the Franco-English Guild (6, Rue de la Sorbonne) for ladies and young girls. The Guild recommends to the pupils those courses of lectures most likely to interest them, and helps to gain access to them. It organizes series of lessons and lectures, maintains a library, a study, and a room for meeting, and seeks out families who are ready to take in boarders from foreign countries.

THE WARDEN OF THE MARCHES.

By SYDNEY C. GRIER.

III.

"IN HIS SIMPLICITY SUBLIME."

"The Major not back from the durbar yet, Mrs. North, I suppose? Have you heard this extraordinary report about Bahram Khan?"

"No, I didn't know there was any report going about," answered Georgia. She was driving Mabel to the club, and had stopped to speak to the station surgeon, a cheerful little stout man, riding a frisky pony which danced merrily about the road while its master tried in vain to pull up.

"It's all over the Bazar, and one of the hospital assistants told me. They say that the Commissioner means to insist on Bahram Khan's restoration to his lands and honors, and advise poor old Ashraf Ali strongly to accept him again as his heir."

"Oh, that gives the whole thing away," said Georgia more cheerfully, "for the Amir's adoption of Bahadar Shah was recognized by the Government of India. Was all this to happen to-day, Dr. Tighe?"

"Yes, at this durbar. Quite thrilling, isn't it? Well, I must be off to my patients. When am I to have that game of tennis you promised me, Miss North?" and the doctor rode away, while Georgia drove on, with her brows drawn into an anxious frown.

"It's quite impossible," she said at last, rousing herself. "He couldn't spring such a mine upon us. Look, Mab, this is my father's old house."

"But why don't you live in it?" asked Mabel, looking curiously at the flat-roofed building with its massive stone walls and narrow windows. Georgia laughed.

"Because the accommodation is a little too Spartan for a family," she said. "My father prided himself on roughing it, and all his young men had to follow his example. Mr. Anstruther inhabits the house at present, in company with the official records, for the office is large and cool and Dick uses it still."

"I should have thought General Keeling would have lived in the fort," said Mabel, as a sharp turn in the road brought them in sight of the yellow-brown walls and mouldering battlements, crowned with withered grass, of the old border stronghold.

"Never!" cried Georgia. "The first thing he did on coming here was to dismantle it. He would not allow either the Khemistan Horse or his British officers to hide behind walls. They had to depend on their swords for defence."

"He had the courage of his convictions, at any rate."

"Of course. He never told any one to do what he would not do himself. He wanted to blow up the fort altogether. But the Government objected, in the interests of archaeology, so he gave it to the station for a club-house. There has never been too much money to spare in Alibad, and people have used it gratefully ever since."

"What a lovely old place!" sighed Mabel, as they drove in through the hospitable gateway, on either side of which the ancient doors, warped and wormeaten and paintless, leaned useless against the wall. The block of buildings which, in the wild days before the coming of the British, had formed the chief apartments of the fort, now served as the club-house, and the inner courtyard had been ingeniously converted into a tennis-court.

Through the archway Mabel caught a glimpse, as she passed, of Flora Graham and her *flancé*, young Haycraft, playing vigorously, but she noticed something else as well.

"Georgie, there's Mrs. Hardy looking out for you."

"Oh, dear!" cried Georgia in a panic, "I can't meet her now, until I know the truth about Bahram Khan. She is waiting to gloat over me about this horrible rumor, and I can't stand it. I am going to take you up to the ramparts, Mab, to see the view."

She threw the reins to the groom, and avoiding the reading-room, in the veranda of which could be discerned Mrs. Hardy's depressed-looking bonnet, hurried Mabel across the wide courtyard, and up a flight of steps which led to the summit of the western wall. From this it was possible to reach one of the half-ruined towers, which commanded a bird's-eye view of the town. The native quarter, with its narrow, crooked alleys, and carefully guarded flat roofs, the lines, painfully neat in the mathematical symmetry of their rows of white huts, the houses in the cantonments, embowered in their pleasant gardens, were all before them. Beyond the belt of green which marked the limit of the irrigated land round the town, the desert stretched on the east and south as far as the eye could see.

On the west was a range of rugged hills, their nearer spurs extending to within gunshot of the fort, and on the north, at a much greater distance, the peaks, at this season covered with snow, of a considerable mass of mountains.

"That is Nalapur," said Georgia, pointing to the mountains, "and beyond it to the eastward is Ethiopia. Our house is the last on British soil. The corner of the compound exactly touches the frontier line."

"Then that's why your father rides

along just there?" said Mabel unthinkingly.

"So the natives say. I rather like to think of him as still guarding the frontier which he spent his life in defending. It's a nice idea, I mean—that's all. But, Mab, the men are coming back from the durbar. Look at that dust-cloud, and you will see the light strike on something shining now and then. That's the bravery of their durbar get-up. We will wait here until they get into the town, and capture the first that comes this way. I must find out what has happened."

They watched the cavalcade enter the town and separate in different directions, and presently saw Fitz Anstruther riding up to the fort. He caught sight of their parasols and waved his hand, but Georgia dragged Mabel down the steps, and they met him in the courtyard.

"You have heard, then?" he cried, as his eyes fell on Georgia's face.

"Only a Bazar rumor. Is it true that Bahram Khan—?"

"He is restored to his estates and rank, and recommended by the Commissioner to the particular favor of his uncle. Burgrove had him in readiness outside the tent, it appears, and after enlarging to the Amir and the luckless Bahadar Shah on the blessings of family unity, and the advisability of forgiving and forgetting youthful peccadilloes, brought him in as a practical embodiment of his words. It was dramatic—very—but it was playing it awfully low down on us, especially the Major."

"Then he knew nothing of it?"

"No more than I did."

"And Ashraf Ali was willing to take the Commissioner's advice?"

"He had no choice. A glance from Major North would have turned the scale, but you know what the Major is, Mrs. North—he will play fair by his own side, however badly they may

have treated him. He gave him no encouragement to show fight, and Ashraf Ali took a back seat. It is rather tough to have to receive again into the bosom of your family an affectionate nephew who has tried to murder you. Isn't it?"

"But how does the Commissioner dispose of that little difficulty?"

"Doesn't acknowledge its existence. 'Not guilty, and won't do it again' is his view. Every prospect of domestic happiness in the Amir's family circle in future."

"Where is my husband now?" asked Georgia suddenly.

"I rather think he has gone to have it out with the Kumpsoner Sahib. He was horribly sick, and who can wonder?"

"I really think," said Mabel, quite inconsequently, "that if I couldn't pick up my own balls I wouldn't play tennis."

They were sitting in the veranda overlooking the tennis-court, and it was the sight of the squad of small boys in uniform who were being kept hard at work by the three men now playing that had called forth the remark.

"We get so slack with the climate," pleaded Fitz.

"Well, I don't intend to let those boys pick up my balls when I play."

"They won't have the chance, Miss North. There will be a competition among all the men to do it. Oh, here's the Major—and the Commissioner!"

Dick was still in uniform, and his magnificence quite overshadowed the man who emerged with him from under the archway, but the contrast did not appear to affect Mr. Burgrave, even if he was aware of it. He crossed the shadowed court deliberately, regardless of the fact that he was interrupting the game, talking all the time to Dick, who listened courteously, but without conviction.

"What a curious face it is!" muttered Georgia involuntarily, as the Commissioner stepped into the line of light cast by a lamp in one of the rooms.

"Yes, doesn't he look the pig-headed brute he must be?" was the joyful response of Fitz, who had overheard her.

"No, that's not it. He looks obstinate enough, but there is something benevolent about the face—nothing cruel or mean. It's the face of a fanatic."

"Oh no, Mrs. North! There's bound, I suppose, to be something good about a fanatic at bottom. Won't you say a doctrinaire?"

"Very well. I mean a man who has imbibed certain opinions, and allows neither facts nor arguments to prevent his forcing them upon other people."

"Ah, Mrs. North!" The Commissioner was bowing before Georgia with the somewhat exaggerated courtesy which combined with his paternal manner to brand his demeanor as patronizing. "And are you very much incensed against me for keeping your husband so busy all day?"

He sat down beside her as he spoke, taking scarcely any notice of Mabel, and devoted himself to her for ten minutes or so, while Dick went away to speak to some one. To Mabel, as to Georgia, it seemed that Mr. Burgrave's condescension towards Dick's wife was intended to disarm any resentment that might have been aroused in her mind by his treatment of Dick that day, although it was not easy to see why he should take so much trouble. It was Fitz on whom the true humor of the situation dawned at last, rendering him almost speechless with hidden delight. The Commissioner was an adept in the mental exercise known as reading between the lines, and he had formulated his own explanation of the unconventional manner in which Mabel had made her appearance upon the stage of Khemistan. Georgia was jealous of her sister-in-law's good looks

and the attention she attracted, she had refused to invite her to pay a visit to Alibad, and the poor girl's only chance had been to take matters into her own hands. In his considerate kindness, Mr. Burgrave would not expose her to the risk of incurring the reproaches of her family circle, but would talk to Georgia long enough to put her into a good temper before he gratified his own inclinations. Fitz had scarcely come to this conclusion before it was justified by the Commissioner's behavior, for when Georgia rose and said it was time to go home, he was prompt in offering Mabel a seat in the dogcart he had borrowed, on the supposition that Dick would be driving his wife. As for Mabel, she accepted the offer joyfully. Her first desire to give Mr. Burgrave a lesson was complicated now by the deliberate intention of fascinating him into laying aside his distrust of Dick.

"What an interesting day you must have had!" she began, glibly, when they had started. "I wish ladies were admitted to durbars."

"They are, sometimes, but I fancy"—the Commissioner smiled down at her—"that there is not much business done on those occasions."

"Oh, then to-day's was really a serious affair? Do tell me just what you did."

"I'm afraid it would hardly interest you."

"Indeed it would. I am interested in everything that interests my friends."

Mr. Burgrave's smile became positively grandfatherly. "I thought so!" he said. "No, Miss North, I won't allow you to sacrifice yourself by talking shop to me. To tell you the truth, it doesn't interest me—out of office-hours, and therefore I am the last person in the world to inflict it upon you, especially when you probably hear so much of it at all hours that you are as tired

of the subject as I am of the revered name of General Keeling."

"What, have you been hearing more of him?"

Mr. Burgrave groaned. "Have I not! Michael Angelo was nothing to him. I always knew that he built Alibad and dug its wells, planted the trees and constructed the canals—made Khemistan, in short. But now I am the unhappy recipient of endless personal anecdotes about him. One man tells me that he used to go about in the sun without a head-covering of any kind, trusting to the thickness of his hair—I should say of his skull. Then comes one of his old troopers, and assures me solemnly that after a battle he has seen the Sinjaj Killin unbutton his tunic, and shake out the bullets which had passed through it without hurting him. Another remembers that he had seen him reading a letter from his wife while under fire—rather a pretty touch that—and another recalls for my admiration that the General reserved an hour every morning for his private devotions, and has been known to keep the Commander-in-Chief waiting rather than allow it to be broken in upon."

"But he was a splendid man," said Mabel, ashamed of herself for laughing.

"Who doubts it? But I understand the feelings of the gentleman who banished Aristides. Forgive me for lamenting my private woes to you, Miss North. Let us turn to more interesting themes. We are to see you in an appropriate rôle on Saturday, Miss Graham tells me."

"I believe I am to give away the prizes at the Gymkhana—unless you would prefer to do it?" said Mabel, primly.

"I should not think of such a thing unless it would be a relief to you."

"To me? I shall enjoy the prize-giving above all things. But why?"

"I imagined you might feel shy," Mr. Burgrave looked at her as kindly as ever, but Mabel fancied that he was disappointed in her in some way.

"He seems to think I am about sixteen," she said to herself, and awoke to the fact that they had reached home, and that her companion had skillfully prevented her from saying a word about the question of the moment.

"Dick," said Georgia to her husband that evening, when she was alone with him, "did you get any explanation out of Mr. Burgrave?"

"I did—without asking for it. He told me quite calmly that the return of Bahram Khan was part of his program, and that as I had taken such a strong line with regard to his banishment, he considered it better to relieve me of all responsibility about it. It would be pleasanter for both of us, he thought."

"Pleasanter for you and him in your social relations, perhaps; but your prestige with the natives, Dick! What do they think?"

"Why, they gloat, most of 'em," said Dick grimly.

"But the Amir and Bahadar Shah?"

"Oh, poor old Ashraf Ali sent his pet mullah to interview me while the Commissioner was taking an affectionate leave of his *protégé*. The old man really thought, or pretended to think, that I had a hand in the matter. Why hadn't I told him that Bahram Khan's return was desired, instead of springing it upon him in that way? he wanted to know. Had he ever refused to take my advice? I had to assure him that I knew no more about it than he did, for if he once loses confidence in me, it means that we may as well retire from the frontier. Neither he nor his chiefs will stand a second spell of snubbing and suspicion."

"But what did you advise him to do?"

"To choose the less of two evils. Bahram Khan will plot wherever he is, and Burgrave has pledged the Amir to give him back his father's fortress of Dera Gul, but I advised him strongly to keep him under his own eye at the capital. In any case we shall have one friend in the enemy's camp, for good old Pearl-of-Women sent a message by the mullah, 'Tell the doctor lady's husband that where my son goes I go, and that no harm shall be planned against the Sarkar if I can prevent it.'"

"Dear old thing!" cried Georgia.

"But it's not so much a rising that I'm afraid of at present. Bahram Khan will get the nearer obstacles out of his way first. Poor Bahadar Shah, who is no hero, sent to ask me by the mullah whether I would advise him to throw up his pretensions and retire into British territory. Of course I told him to sit tight, but no insurance office that respected itself would accept his life after this. And, Georgie, I very much doubt if Burgrave has not got worse in store for us."

"Dick! what could there be worse?" Georgia's face was blanched.

"I have a presentiment—call it a conviction, if you like—that they mean to withdraw the subsidy, and Ashraf Ali has got hold of the idea, too."

"But, Dick, that would be a direct breach of faith! They couldn't do it—they couldn't! The treaty that crowned my father's life-work, that killed him, indeed! Why, it has kept the frontier safe all these years—"

"My dear Georgie, that's not what Burgrave and his school care about. You know as well as I do that this province is an anomaly, and has got to be reduced to the level of next-door. When Ashraf Ali received the subsidy, he accepted our suzerainty over Nalapur, and according to his lights he has acted up to his obligations. But our present rulers don't care to keep the suzerainty, don't care for a vassal state

outside our boundaries, and do care for economizing rupees."

"But surely they must know—"

"That they will throw Ashraf Ali into the arms of Ethiopia, and extend Scythian influence down to our very borders, thanks to the way in which Fath-ud-Din has been allowed practically to repudiate Sir Dugald Haigh's treaty? Why, Georgie, that's just the sort of thing that these fellows never see until it happens. Then they lament that the world is so ill-regulated, and say it all comes from our ingrained suspiciousness."

"But, Dick, you wouldn't countenance such a breach of faith?"

"No, I told Ashraf Ali so—told him that he would hear of my resignation first. Queer thing, isn't it, to take a man who knows the frontier as I do, and let him give five of the best years of his life to working for it night and day, and then to send a man who has never seen it to reverse all he's done? It's a funny world, Georgie. But we'll retire with clean hands at any rate, you and I, and taste the modest joys of the pensioned in a suburban flat, with a five-pound note at Christmas time from Mab and her Commissioner to help us along."

Georgie could not trust herself to speak. She was holding Dick's hand in hers, and smoothing his coat-cuff industriously.

"Well, never say die!" he went on. "I may get a berth in some Colonial force yet, and from that giddy height we'll smile superior upon a jeering world, serenely conscious that we're paying our way."

At one time Georgie would not have lost a moment in reminding him that she could in any case return to the active practice of her profession, but now she would not even suggest to Dick that last humiliation of living upon his wife's earnings. Instead, she lifted his hand to her lips.

"We shan't mind poverty, dear. We shall have one another still, and besides, your resignation may save the frontier. It will come out why you retired, and when once the reason is known, public opinion will be roused, and the Government will have to return to the old policy, even though we may not be here to carry it out. But oh, Dick, how can you speak civilly to Mr. Burgrave after this?"

"Why, Georgie, the difficulty would be to speak uncivilly to him. The man is so wrapt up in his own greatness that he can't imagine any one's venturing to differ from him. He sweeps on like a glacier, removing all obstacles by his mere passage. The stones and rocks and things get carried along, too, you know, whether they like it or not, and when the glacier has done with them it dumps them down in a neat heap, that's all. Besides, we have to give Mab her chance."

"If Mab marries him, I have done with her," said Georgie with conviction.

For the next fortnight the house was overrun by a horde of Christmas guests who came from outlying forts and irrigation and telegraph stations to taste the joys of civilization for three or four days, hurrying back like conscientious Cinderellas at a given moment that the other man might have his turn. Mabel was immensely interested in these lads, who looked up to Dick with frank veneration, and sought for quiet talks with Georgie that they might tell her all their home news, and kept the house lively from early morning until their host reluctantly suggested that it was time for them to repair to their improvised bedrooms at night. Her interest did not go unrequited, for she had them all at her feet, regulating her favors so discreetly that none of them could complain that he was worse treated than his neighbor and at the

same time giving no one undue cause for self-congratulation.

"I know you think I shall lose my head, Georgie," she said, on the evening of Christmas Day, when she and Georgia had left the men to their nightly smoke, "and I really believe I should if it lasted. These boys are all so splendid. Each of them is a hero in the ordinary course of his day's work, but they don't think of it, and no one out here thinks of it, and at home no one even knows their names. How is it that all the men out here are so nice? The women, as far as I have seen, are distinctly inferior."

"So sorry," said Georgia humbly. "Perhaps we were born so."

"Goose! I didn't mean you, I meant the ordinary Anglo-Indian woman. With so many delightful men about, she ought to be improved in proportion."

"Perhaps it's just possible that she's spoilt, Mab. What do you think?"

Mabel laughed consciously, as she reclined in a long chair, with her arms behind her head. "You mean that I have deteriorated perceptibly already, I suppose. But that must be the men's fault. If their admiration is the right kind, it ought to elevate me, surely? Now don't say that I trade on their honest admiration to flatter my own vanity. I'm sick of that sort of thing. Besides, it pleases them to admire me, and I consider that it does them good. I am a liberal education for them."

"How nice it must be to feel that!"

"Yes, and I really am awfully fond of them, every one. I should like them all to win to-morrow. I can't bear the thought that only one or two of them can get prizes, I shall feel so unfair. Georgie, what are you going to wear? Oh—" she sat up suddenly, with eyes full of horror, "what a wretch I am!

The Argosy.

Georgie, I never remembered your dresses when I was so busy getting my own. I haven't brought you a single one."

"I have thought so for some days," said Georgia.

"Oh, how wicked of me! Take one of mine, Georgie—any of them, even the muslin. I deserve it."

"I should look like a death's head at the feast, indeed! Nonsense, Mab, I shall wear my red and white foulard."

"The one I sent you out two years ago? Oh, it will be too dreadful. Sleeves and everything have altered since then. Besides, every one will know it."

"What does that signify? It is quite fresh and suits me very well. No one will remember it—not even Dick."

But in this Georgia was mistaken. When she appeared the next morning, her husband looked suspiciously from her to Mabel.

"Didn't you wear that dress last year, Georgie? I thought you were going to get a new one. Why don't you have something floppy and frilly like Mab?"

"Mab is a perfect dream," said Georgia. "No amount of trains or fichus could make me look like her. You are very ungrateful, Dick. Who ever heard of a man's quarrelling with his wife for saving him a dressmaker's bill before?"

"I've a good mind to telegraph home at once," grumbled Dick.

"But what good would that be for to-day? Never mind. I'll get something terribly elaborate for next Christmas."

"Oh, Georgie, how good of you not to give me away!" murmured Mabel, as Dick went to see whether the dogcart was ready. "But I can't help being glad you didn't take this gown. I don't think I could have given it up."

(To be continued.)

THE FAUST OF THE MARIONETTES.

The marionette theatre, although once extremely popular both in France and England, never attained in those countries to the position which it long occupied in Germany. French and English actors of the seventeenth century both found reason to be jealous of their insidious little competitors; but during the long agony of the Thirty Years War, and the period of depression which followed it, the mimic actors of the German puppet-show had few rivals, and the German dramatic instinct seemed to find full satisfaction in the marionette stage. The epochs which produced Shakespeare and Jonson, Corneille and Molière, would have been blank pages in the history of German literature had it not been for the hymns into which the poetic genius of the age breathed a wistful beauty which gives them a place of their own among the spiritual songs of the world.

The art which ended in the wandering showman's booth at a country-fair began life as the handmaid of religion; the marionette principle was first utilized (in Europe) to animate the sacred images which were adored at the altars of the Church. In remembrance of his high descent, the marionette plays were for a long time mainly of Biblical origin. "I know this man well," says Autolycus in *"The Winter's Tale."* "He hath been a process-server, a balliff; then he compassed a motion [a puppet-show] of the Prodigal Son." "When God gave Adam reason," says Milton in the *"Areopagitica,"* "He gave him freedom to choose; he had else been a mere artificial Adam, such an Adam as he is in the motions." The marionette-manager became by degrees very large-minded and fairly ambitious in his choice of plays. Classical or romantic,

antique or modern, "*Medea*," "*Alcestis*," "*Mariana or the Female Brigand*," "*Judith and Holofernes*," "*Don Juan*," "*Le Malade Imaginaire*"—anything was acceptable provided that it permitted the introduction of a good moral and a laughable clown. "*The Life and Death of St. Dorothea*" was a special favorite on account of the ingenious mechanism which permitted the martyr to be neatly decapitated, in full view of the audience, in happy contrast to the shifts to which the regular drama is reduced at such a crisis. But of all the plays on this mimic stage "*The Tragedy of Doctor Faust*" held the place of honor.

The date of the marionette "*Faust*" is unknown; it is perhaps not much younger than Marlowe's "*Faust*" which was played at Dresden in 1626 by the English comedians, and may have inspired the German dramatist. Nor do we know for certain whether the play was originally written for the miniature stage or whether the writer aimed higher and missed his mark. The traditional text made its first appearance in print not much more than fifty years ago, and it must have been considerably modified since it left the hands of its unknown author not later probably than the middle of the seventeenth century. A special interest attaches to this old German drama of which there are several versions. It was not played at Strasburg exactly as it was played at Augsburg, at Ulm, or at Cologne, but in essentials it is the same. It is one of the only three modern renderings of the Faust-legend which have in them any spark of vitality, its author handling his theme with a finer dramatic perception than Marlowe; and it was this work which suggested to Goethe the idea of his masterpiece. In this small pool he saw re-

flected the vain desire and the vain regret which made up so much of the sum of his own life; and from the significant puppet-show fable, as he calls it, he gained a vision of the soul of man which haunted him all his days.

Both Marlowe's "Faust" and the "Faust" of the marionettes were based on the volume published by the Frankfort bookseller, Johann Spies, and sold for the first time at the autumn fair of 1587. The Doctor John Faust whose scandalous career forms the basis of the Frankfort bookseller's compilation, was a disreputable charlatan who wandered through Germany in the early part of the sixteenth century. He was known to Melancthon (near whose home he was born) and to other writers of the time, one of whom describes him as being famous "not only for his skill in medicine, but in necromancy and other similar arts." Probably he was identical with the notorious impostor Georgius Sabellicus—"fons necromanticorum, magus secundus, chiromanticus seromanticus, pyromanticus"—who styled himself, in addition to all these titles, Faustus Junior, pointing thus backward to an earlier Faust whose traces have disappeared. It has been supposed that this earlier Faust may have been the Bishop Faustinus of Riez in Provence, who was seduced from the right way by Simon Magus; or else that he was Johann Fust, the printer of Mainz who was traditionally declared to have been in danger of being burned as a sorcerer; but upon these points no certainty seems possible. We know very little about the clever conjuror who contrived somehow to trick destiny into granting him a seat among the Immortals.

John Faust flourished, as the old chronologies say, in the sixteenth century, but the Faust-legend is as old as Christendom. Its black, fantastic shadow haunted every mediæval hearth; it lurked in the crowded street and in the

quiet woodland; the holiest places could not shut it out. The grimmest version is that which tells how Pope Sylvester the Second, before he became the Vicar of Christ, pledged himself to the Evil One in order to become wiser than is permitted to mortal man; he was saying mass one morning when the Devil crept behind him as he stood at the high altar, and whispering in his ear that his hour was come, carried him down to hell from the very threshold of heaven. The Reformation, which broke with so many traditions, held this one sacred; and the "History of Doctor Faust" was evidently compiled by a Protestant theologian. But in the handling of it there is, as Kuno Fischer points out in his study of Goethe's "Faust," a notable difference. In the mediæval story there is always at the last moment a hope of intervention; the Church has power to defend her children from the great adversary of souls. Trickery may be met by trickery (for who would feel bound to keep faith with the Father of Lies?), and sometimes the Devil is cheated out of his prey by a cunning ruse, sometimes, as in the case of the clerk Theophilus, he is defeated by the direct and irresistible interposition of Our Lady. The point constantly insisted upon is that there are more ways than one of getting out of a bad bargain, and that the Church has a very long arm. In the teaching of the Reformation we miss this consoling reflection. Here the man must abide by his compact, or at least must look for no external ally to rescue him from the consequences of it. There is always hope for the penitent soul on this side of the grave, and he is not finally lost when he signs the dire agreement; but he must fight out his own quarrel. No saint will stoop from Paradise to take his part in the conflict; no counter magic of sacred rite and relic can avail him anything; the tempter and the tempted stand face

to face, and heaven looks on in silence. It is this austere and very tragic circumstance which distinguishes the Faust of the sixteenth century from his spiritual ancestors.

The author of the marionette-play opens, as Marlowe and Goethe do, with Faust alone in his study, meditating upon his wasted years of solitary research. The days and nights devoted to the pursuit of learning have profited him nothing; poor, friendless and burdened in debt, in despair he turns to the Black Arts to help him to the success which is otherwise unattainable. His monologue is disturbed by two voices which float faintly into the room; he recognizes the one as that of his guardian angel warning him to go no further, but he listens instead to the other, that of an evil spirit who urges him to proceed. His servant Wagner interrupts his reflections by informing him that he has met at the inn two students who have a book which they wish to present to him; the title of it is "The Key of Magic." Faust, much agitated by this coincidence, bids Wagner bring the strangers to him when they have been suitably entertained; but Wagner returns with the news that the students have unaccountably disappeared leaving their book behind them. There is no comparison between the artistic effect of this unaccountable visit, and that of the substantial Valdes and Cornellus, who make Marlowe's hero "blest with their sage conference." Repairing at midnight to a solitary place where four roads meet, Faust draws the magic circle, and with the aid of "The Key of Magic," calls up demons. Of the six spirits who appear he will have the swiftest to serve him, and questions each in turn. The first is swift as the shaft of the pesti-

lence, the second as the wings of the wind, the third as a ray of light, the fourth as the thought of man, the fifth as the vengeance of the Avenger. "His vengeance is swift?" says Faust; "and yet I live, and yet I sin! And thou, Mephistopheles?"

"As swift," says Mephistopheles, "as the passage from the first sin to the second."

"That is swift indeed," says Faust. "Thou art the devil for me."

This dramatic incident has no counterpart in Marlowe, and this is the more surprising because it is based on a chapter in the Frankfort book, which Marlowe followed in the main much more closely than his German successor.

The next scene introduces Kasperle, the clownish peasant who brings the necessary element of buffoonery into the play, and is engaged by Wagner as his assistant. The signing of the compact follows, and Mephistopheles engages to serve Faust for four and twenty years, receiving his soul for a wage. Faust makes only two conditions; he is to enjoy all the delights of the world, and to receive a true answer to every question. Then he sends for an inkbottle, but the devil laughs at his inexperience and explains that he must sign the agreement in his own blood, and this being done, a raven flits into the room and flies away with the parchments in his beak. Faust, who has confronted the demons fearlessly on his lonely heath at midnight, is naively alarmed by the appearance of the black messenger. "What was that?" he cries. "Woe is me!" "Courage, Faust!" answers Mephistopheles. "It was only a bird of hell sent by my Prince Pluto to carry him your writing." But Faust cannot be reassured. "Oh, Mephistophe-

¹ There are several readings of this scene. Another, probably an older version, has only three spirits, as swift as a snail in the sand, an arrow from the bow, and the thought of man. In an-

other Mephistopheles claims to be as swift as the passage from good to evil,—a very unsatisfactory comparison.

les," he says reproachfully, "was there no other way of sending him the paper except by that bird of hell? See how I quake with terror!" Mephistopheles carries him to the Court of Parma where he entertains the Duke and Duchess by magical shows, calling up for their gratification Samson and Delilah, David and Goliath, Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. We are told that from Parma they travelled to Constantinople, but of this voyage we hear nothing. With remarkable self-restraint the marionette-play omits the burlesque scenes with the Pope and the friars, with the Emperor's knight and with the horse courser, which Marlowe transferred from the history direct into his drama. Faust is here always taken seriously, the farcical scenes being provided by Kasperle. Kasperle is a ludicrous parody of his master. He too, has dealings with the Evil One, having meddled with Faust's magic circle and picked up the words of incantation; but, unlike the unhappy scholar, he finds necromancy a very harmless diversion. He stoutly refuses to sign away his soul on the plea that he cannot write his name; but having discovered that at the word *Perlippe* the demons appear, and at *Perlappe* they vanish again, he pronounces the potent syllables so often that the spirits get out of breath and very irritable.

In the last act we find Faust again in Wittenberg, where Kasperle, who had scruples of conscience about remaining in the sorcerer's service, has now the post of night-watchman. During the twelve years that have passed since the signing of his compact, Faust has had his fill of pleasure and found it vanity, and has at last turned homeward, sick at heart and bent on finding if possible some place of repentance. In his dreadful extremity he puts the question to his only companion, and enquires of Mephistopheles whether it is

possible for such a sinner as he is to come even now to God. The devil curtly refuses to answer; Faust presses for a reply, and he maintains a sullen silence; then Faust reminds him of his pledge—the strangest surely ever exacted from the deceiver of souls—and Mephistopheles vanishes trembling with a terrible cry. Full of new hope, Faust throws himself before a statue of the Virgin, weeping and praying; but Mephistopheles, seeing his prey about to escape him, returns and bids Faust rise and look upon the bride he has brought him—Helen of Greece. Faust tells him to be gone and leave him to his prayers—he did not think, alas, of saying *Perlappe*—but Mephistopheles insists upon his taking at least one look. Faust still refuses. "Lying spirit," he says, "you bring me but a wreath of mist that will vanish at a touch." "Not so," says Mephistopheles; "stand up and judge for yourself." The tempter has his way. Faust rises, lifts Helen's veil, and straightway forgetting his penitential resolves, carries her off in a rapture of wonder and delight, but only to rush back in a moment to overwhelm Mephistopheles with furious reproaches. The lovely vision has turned to a serpent in his embrace; the devil has deceived him. "What else," says Mephistopheles drily, "did you expect from the devil?"

In the next scene Faust is startled by the appearance of Mephistopheles in the hideous form in which he had first seen him; and the evil spirit explains that he has come in his own shape because Faust's hour is at hand. He has engaged to serve him for twenty-four years, but since Faust has employed him by night as well as by day, the allotted period will be at an end that night on the stroke of twelve. Left once more alone, Faust throws himself again on his knees before the Virgin's image, but, as he gazes, a change passes over the sculptured marble, and

Helen rises before him where Our Lady should have stood. Now he knows himself lost indeed, and he wanders forlorn and desperate through the empty streets until he encounters Kasperle going his rounds as night-watchman. "Ah, it is you, Kasperle," he says, recognizing his old servant and catching at any human fellowship in his misery. "You have come to light me home?"

"Not I," says Kasperle; "I light no man home nowadays. I am a night-watchman of this town and my own master and my own Lord Chamberlain; and if I find any one abroad in the streets after ten I have orders to march him straight to the lock-up. You'd best not let me find you here when I come back." Faust still entreats his company. If Kasperle will light him home he shall be rewarded by a good suit of clothes; but Kasperle repels his offer in which he perceives a snare. "No, no," he says, "I wear no clothes of yours. Who knows if down yonder they might not take me for you?"

Some such hope as this seems to have flickered in Faust's breast; for all his intimacy with Mephistopheles he still credits the devil with a remarkable degree of simplicity. The notion that he might escape his awful penalty by changing his coat is one of those childish touches which are in curious contrast to the general treatment of the plot; it recalls the student in Marlowe's play who suggests that the master's anguish of mind at his approaching doom may be perhaps the result of his having over-eaten himself on the previous day. Ten o'clock strikes and then eleven, and as Kasperle hoarsely chants the rhyme of the hour Faust hears a solemn whisper pronouncing sentence upon him. "Go," he says to Kasperle as midnight draws near, "and stay not to see the dreadful end to which I hasten." "So it is true, then," says Kasperle, "and the devil is really coming to fetch you as people said he

would? Well, good night, and a pleasant journey to you!" He goes out; the fiends carry Faust off, and Kasperle returns presently to find him gone. "Poof," says he, "what a smell of brimstone!"

Both Marlowe's play and the marionette "Faust" are based as has been said upon the adventures of Doctor Faust as recorded in the Frankfort volume; and the German writer has handled his material much more freely than Marlowe did. But the main difference between them does not consist merely of selections or omissions; there is a characteristic divergence in the conception of the plot. In Marlowe's play, as in Goethe's, the issue is never doubtful. Goethe's Faust is certain from the beginning of ultimate salvation; he does not make a compact, he only lays a wager with the Devil, a wager which we know from the prologue, Mephistopheles has no chance of winning. There was not a trace of the mediæval spirit in Goethe's imperial intellect; not renunciation but development was for him the keynote of life; and in all the universe he could discover no place where man could turn his back upon God. He did not venture—no modern writer could venture—to set before us the great legend in the naked simplicity of its original conception; in the older Faust-stories there is no secondary motive, no love, no jealousy, no revenge. They dealt with a question so absorbing, so supreme, that it compelled the attention and was independent of other aid. But for Goethe, and for Goethe's world, the question had lost its point; and in the light of Goethe's sanguine view of the future, the tragic element of the drama disappeared. It was necessary to replace it, and we find it accordingly in a love-story so tender and passionate that for many readers Faust is before all a love-story. Marlowe, on the other hand, did not shrink from presenting

the tragedy to us in its primitive form. In his play there are virtually only two actors, the man and his enemy; the other characters, princes, clowns and students, pass and repass like shadows. Here, too, the issue is certain; this Faust is damned from the beginning of the play. Wealthy, successful, famous, he is driven to his fall by the pride of life, by the lust of limitless possession. He has so much that he must have more.

All things that move between the quiet
poles
Shall be at my command.

In the Frankfort book, the reprobate "took to himself eagles' wings and was fain to sound the abysses of heaven and earth;" here he does not believe in any unsounded abysses. He gibes at the Devil's vain longing for the heaven he has lost:—

What, is great Mephistopheles so passionate

For being deprived of the joys of heaven?

Learn thou of Faustus manly fortitude.

He meets Mephistopheles's foreboding of a time when

All places shall be hell that are not
heaven,

Macmillan's Magazine.

With the cheerful retort,

I think hell is a fable.

He rejects the miraculous "staying of the blood" in which he was signing his compact with careless defiance.

Faustus gives to thee his soul: ah,
there it stay'd!

Why should'st thou not? Is not thy
soul thine own?

It is plain that this cynical, confident sinner had travelled far on the road to perdition before the Devil appeared to show him the shortest way.

The fate of the marionette Faust, on the contrary, is no foregone conclusion. He is no famous and successful teacher, but a hungry, anxious, disappointed man with whom the world has dealt very hardly. Yet while Goethe's Faust desires to live, and Marlowe's to possess, this poor scholar, the child of the Renaissance, is devoured by the craving to know. He is lost, but he might have been saved; by Mephistopheles's own admission, his fate was not sealed till the last act; and we might indeed imagine that the author had struggled hard with himself before condemning this tired seeker after truth to eternal torment. This lends a human interest to the marionette drama which is missing in Marlowe's mighty lines.

H. C. Macdowall.

ENTHUSIASMS AND HUMAN CHANGE.

The student of enthusiasms, who watches from year to year the new interests which develop themselves, and absorb various classes of his contemporaries, or looks back upon those which for decades, or even longer periods, have agitated the mind of the civilized world generally, may readily find, in the spectacle, food for cynical reflection. He will constantly see men

mistaking, in all good faith, the humors, the tempers, the inflamed fancies of the moment, for the beginning of some great development of society or of human nature, which will ultimately transfigure the destinies of the whole human race. Virgil fancied that Augustus was bringing back the Age of Gold. The Early Christians lived with all their feelings intensified by yearly

or even daily anticipation of the second coming of Christ. The English Puritans looked forward to the reign of the Saints on Earth, and some epoch-making catastrophe which should plunge in the lake of brimstone all whose talents or manners gave grace or cheerfulness to existence. The French Revolutionists indulged in a similar dream, though in place of the saints they put the Goddess of Reason, and persuaded themselves that in the formula of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity the means were revealed to them of inaugurating an immediate and satisfactory millennium. Italy imagined that when once it was united and independent, it would be a new Garden of Eden—

White with the dew and the rime
When the morning of God comes down;

and now it is the most over-taxed, and one of the most discontented countries of Europe. The same wondrous tale was taken up by visionaries among the Socialists, who, under the influence of Karl Marx and his disciples, persuaded themselves that the capitalistic system would have sunk in ruins at least twenty years ago, and that a new economic régime would by this time have been established, under which everybody would be as rich as he wished to be, and nobody would be any richer than his neighbor. Comte imagined that the days of the Christian Church were numbered and that all Paris would presently be a sort of Salvation Army, skipping and singing hymns to the glory of universal Humanity. And so in the same way innumerable other movements, different in shape and detail, but similar in their emotional character are rising round us, flourishing and coming to untimely ends. A well-known and interesting monthly journal, for example, devotes regularly a large portion of its space to what it calls "The Progress of the World;" as

though it were possible from month to month to tell whether the world was really progressing or no. Ideas of this kind spring from what we may call a parochialism of mind. They are characteristic of excitable persons with a narrow social outlook, with no sense of proportion, and none of that most useful and sobering form of knowledge which we speak of as knowledge of the world. They look on some temporary agitation in the puddle of a class or clique as a sign that there is some general rise in the level of the entire sea.

But though these grotesque mistakes as to the significance of passing movements, of small and superficial changes and mere effervescences of class excitements, are of very different occurrence, the fact remains that the character and the temper of mankind do actually undergo from time to time certain changes in certain important respects—changes which represent a general and continuous process, which leave behind them results of the most enduring kind, and give a new color to the subsequent history of civilization. Of genuine changes in the human character such as these, the most important are the changes which have been associated with the historic developments of Christianity. Christianity, as we all of us know only too well, has left human nature, in many respects, precisely where it found it. It is indeed for this very reason that the various narratives in the Bible still make to us all so homely and so intimate an appeal. But no one can fail to see that, during the age of Mediæval Catholicism, the emotional and moral sentiments of men had acquired new colorings, different from any known to the Jewish Prophets, the Apostles or the Christian subjects of Constantine. The whole set of ideas involved in the rise both of monasticism and chivalry are illustrations of this fact; and two others may be cited not less marked and familiar—

namely, the ideas which caused and accompanied the Protestant Reformation on the one hand, and the humanistic revival of art, philosophy and literature on the other. Let us, on this occasion, consider only the latter of these two sets of phenomena, their causes being more easily identified. The humanistic revival, or as it is commonly called the Renaissance, is obviously connected with one great event—the capture of Constantinople by the Turks, the dispersion of its Greek inhabitants, and the consequent diffusion through the West of the forgotten literature of Greece. The force of the humanistic revival is not spent yet. On the contrary the movement has, during the nineteenth century, been stimulated afresh and enlarged by a fresh series of events comparable to the re-discovery of the philosophies, the arts and the culture of the ancient world—namely, the progressive applications of science to the mystery of the physical universe, and the physical, the mental and the social history of man. The changes in human sentiment and character that have been produced by these means are very different from those transient movements, which subside as quickly as they arise, and which, as we just now observed, are mistaken by excitable persons for the beginnings of catastrophic changes; and the reason of the difference is not far to seek. Changes in human sentiment and character are real or apparent, general or parochial, enduring or evanescent, important or trivial, in proportion to the nature and persistence of the causes to which they are due. The re-assimilation by the world of the culture and the philosophy of antiquity was not an event whose influences exhausted themselves when it was no longer new. On the contrary, the longer they have lasted, the wider and the more various have they become. Instead of exhausting themselves they have fructified.

They are as vital to-day as they were in the days of Leo X; or rather they are more vital; for the kinds and methods of study, which characterized the period of the Renaissance, were during that period only just beginning, and being based on a desire for truth, and on a free exercise of the intelligence, they carried with them from the first the potency of a continuous development. In other words they placed the human mind in the centre of a circle of indefinitely expanding knowledge—knowledge each stage of which was a stepping-stone to something beyond—to new discoveries which are fulfilling, but not destroying previous ones. Whatever changes, therefore, in human sentiment and character may have resulted from this great movement, which at first was philosophical and literary and has gradually become scientific, are changes which are calculated, in the nature of things, to be not less enduring than their cause; and the most important of them, or the most universally felt, is, or tends to be, as follows. It is a change in the imaginative conception which men form of themselves, and the nature of the human lot, as one of the phenomena of the universe. Consciously or unconsciously, the least self-conscious persons have some idea of themselves as related to the society which surrounds them—of their own position, of their duties, of the way in which they impress others; and this idea affects not only their thoughts and expectations, but shows itself also in their manners, their demeanor and their costume. A similar idea of themselves gives its color to their spiritual consciousness—an idea of themselves and of their race as related to the surrounding universe; and this latter idea, like the former, depends on their knowledge of what surrounds them. A man in a commanding position has a sense of self-importance or of responsibility, because he knows he

can influence others for their good, or secure their services for his own. In the same way a man has some sense of himself as a man, which depends on his knowledge or belief as to what the human race is. It is hardly possible to overestimate the extent to which the general self-consciousness of mankind has been influenced by men's ideas with regard to the magnitude of the earth, and their belief that the rest of the universe was in some way or other subsidiary to it. Slowly but surely, with the process of scientific discovery, the ideas then generated have been undergoing an unacknowledged change; and this change is being rapidly accelerated, not by any increase in our speculative scientific knowledge, but by the application of science to certain of the arts of life—more especially those connected with locomotion and the transmission of news. The diminutive size of the earth as compared with the rest of the universe was clearly enough demonstrated by the revelations of modern astronomy; but it was revealed by astronomy to the reason rather than to imagination. The development of the railway, the ocean-steamer and the telegraphic cable is now forcing it on the imagination through the facts of daily experience. Cape Town is now practically almost as close to London as Cannes was, when Lord Brougham first made Cannes his residence. Melbourne is in many ways a more familiar city to the Londoner than was Inverness at the time of the battle of Culloden. It is cheaper and easier for the Londoner to go to New York now, than it was for Dr. Johnson to go from

Fleet Street to Edinburgh. And not only are all parts of the globe becoming accessible to our knowledge, our commerce and our personal observation, but the whole globe is becoming consequently small and trite to our imagination. It is beginning to affect us now like a house which seemed vast to us in our childhood, but which, when we revisit it in manhood, has sunk to the proportions of a cottage. The subtle change in sentiment which is being produced in this way cannot be evanescent, because the causes of it are necessarily permanent, and will act on us, as time goes on, with an increasing not a lessening force. What the alternate result of this change will be we will not venture to predict. We will content ourselves here with pointing out to the reader that it may conceivably affect men in either of two opposite ways. It may still and deaden the religious sentiment of mankind, by making them seem too small in their own eyes to possess any of that mysterious value, and of that imperishable significance which religion essentially attributes to them. But more probably, as more rationally, by diverting their attention from the spectacle, which once seemed so majestic, of their own existence here, and fixing their gaze on the vastness of the seen and the unseen universe, through which they move like a speck, but of which they yet form a part, it will enable them more easily to listen to the suggestion of religion that in this universe they have an eternal if as yet an unexplained inheritance.

THE OUTLOOK FOR SPANISH LITERATURE.*

A year is not long enough for us to draw inferences as to the condition of literature. A much longer period is needed. But there is, above everything else, a symptom of decadence, transitory, perhaps, but one which indicates a lack of the elements of renovation. The last brilliant literary generation appeared about the time of the revolution of September, or was formed from it. Many of our literati of the first rank belong to the school of an earlier period. Some very daring personalities have appeared from time to time, but we still continue to wait for the successors of Núñez de Arce and Campoamor in lyric poetry, Echegaray and Sellés in the drama, Galdós, Pereda and Valera in the novel.

Nevertheless, we read more to-day than we did twenty years ago, and the press—the modern element of propaganda—pays more attention to literature and art. Our public is not very numerous nor very well educated, but perhaps it has made more progress than the authors themselves. Foreign literature is daily competing with ours, sometimes by translations, sometimes in the original language, when this is attainable by persons of some culture. This most frequently happens with the French, as that is the language most generally known among us and the one that exercises the greatest influence upon our writers. It is also the medium by which the ideas and literary creations of other countries, separated from us by the difference of language and the lack of neighboring communication, generally come to us. Therefore it happens, that instead of its exercising a true literary influence over us and a spiritual ascendancy, we have

great difficulty in preserving to our own literature its proper independence, its own schools and its original and pure ideas and methods. It is all due to this fondness for foreign things, to the perversion of taste and the caprice of fashion that leads people to prefer the exotic to the national. The principal reason for these foreign influences is, perhaps, in the relative inferiority of our contemporaneous literature. Our own literature to-day is far removed both as to quality and volume from the Spanish literature of the sixteenth century, while France may well say that in the present century she has not only equalled but surpassed her classical era. Her true golden age has been the nineteenth rather than the seventeenth century. It is not strange that the bond of spiritual relationship that nationality imposes should not be sufficient to enable a decadent and impoverished literature to resist the competition of another in the full florescence and vigor of life, especially when that other, although foreign, is derived from the same sources as our own.

We hope that some day, sooner or later, the new literary generation that we have awaited so many years will arrive. In the meantime, we see only a few rare specimens, a limited number of explorers. Perhaps the actual dearth of ideas and the lack of desire for them make their advent so tardy and laborious. Perhaps we have also been wanting in a true feeling of reality. It is noticeable that the period of active production in the literary history of this century coincides with the moments of political and social fermentation, with the struggle for ideas. Perhaps a lack of the sense of reality in our history has prevented us from knowing how to preserve and cultivate

*Translated for *The Living Age* by Jean Raymond Bidwell.

our tradition without making it an object of idolatrous worship, even to the point of considering that the Spain of the sixteenth century was the definite formula for social perfection and artistic inspiration. On the other hand, moved by contrary passions, some have decried their country, even going to the extreme of thinking that there has not been anything in our past except doleful aberrations. Our historical critics oscillate between the two exaggerations. Neither the one nor the other—neither the admirers nor detractors of the Spain that was—know how to give tradition its true value, to distinguish the temporal and transient, and even the accidental, from that which reveals the permanent character.

Aside from the general causes, always vague, and remote, perhaps other causes, more commonplace but still effective, tend to restrict our literary production. Perhaps there are not enough readers in Spain—as there are in France and the other civilized countries of Europe—to render the union of a constantly increasing and encyclopedic

journalism and a flourishing literature natural and possible. Perhaps the press, that prepares and educates readers for the literature of the morrow, has absorbed the greater number of our brilliant writers. Journalism, especially journalism as it is practised in Spain, is so absorbing a profession that it does not leave those who are employed in it the leisure and repose necessary for the production of literary works of real merit. Evidently the road is a steep and rugged one, but it is the road that, at the end, leads to the political positions and the reputation so eagerly desired by our writers. It ensnares with its tasks—arduous and inferior from the æsthetic point of view—the brightest of our youth who wield a pen, a true élite that is wasting the freshness of its ingenuity and losing the habit of study and perfected detail. It is a democratic literature that must speak to the masses in their own language and in their own tone, and is, under many conceptions, foreign to the true aristocratic essence of refined literary productions.

La España Moderna.

E. Gomez de Baquero.

VICTORIA REGINA.

Our anguished hearts with grief are beating low,
Through the long watches of this winter night,
And hast thou passed forever from our sight
Most august Queen, beloved and honored so?
Now is thy mighty Empire bowed in woe,—
For thou Britannia's annals pure and bright,
Hast ever kept. Thou hast maintained the Right,
Oh, Mother-Queen! how can we let thee go!
Within that royal home where Albert died
Are gathered those of so supreme renown,
A Prince, an Emperor are kneeling down
In filial love thy dying bed beside,
Regina, Queen! may peace with thee abide.
Who for an earthly, gain'st a Heavenly Crown.

Jan. 21, 1901.

C. D. W.

See pages 790. 723.
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